

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 8, 1956

a Time Inc. weekly publication

25 CENTS

\$7.50 A YEAR

COACH BROWN AND QUARTERBACK RATTERMAN

CAN THEY KEEP
THE CLEVELAND BROWNS ON TOP?





What are the world's three great whiskies?

THE complete liquor cabinet must contain three great whiskies. A great Scotch. A great Canadian. And the greatest of all American whiskies—Lord Calvert.

Three whiskies are necessary because a true host is more interested in his guests than in himself. And it is only hospitable to offer your guests their choice of the world's three great whiskies—Scotch, Canadian and

America's own Lord Calvert. We recommend, therefore, that you add Lord Calvert whiskey to your liquor cabinet, alongside its equals.

Your honored guests will appreciate your thoughtfulness, and you will find Lord Calvert—one of America's most expensive whiskies—a worthy addition to your whiskey library. Judge for yourself. Tonight.



COVER: BROWN AND RATTERMAN
Drawing by Robert Riger

Editorial comments on page 34

Couch Paul Brown, the meticulous, scholarly coach of the world champion Cleveland Browns, must learn all the knowledge of his complicated offense into a quarterback other than Otto Graham this year. Brown's top candidate for the demanding job is George Ratterman, the Graham understudy (see page 18).

All rights reserved under

International and Pan-American

Copyright Conventions.

COPYRIGHT © 1956 by Time Inc.

THE GREAT BASEBALL DRAMA: FINAL ACT

A subway Series climaxes a thrilling pennant finish, reported by ROBERT CREAMER and ROY THORRELL

14

BASEBALL AND WILLIAM SAROYAN

America's noted novelist sees the present state at Ebbets Field and writes a special treat for fans

17

A SPECIAL X-RAY OF THE 1956 SEASON

From April to October, a statistical summary of teams, individuals, heroes and goats

55

PREVIEW: PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL GETS UNDER WAY

A salute and a few suggestions to football's veterans from JAMES MURRAY, four pages of COLOR pictures of Coach Paul Brown's amazing Browns and Smiling Reports of the 12 pro teams

18

FOOTBALL'S SECOND WEEK: NEWS & VIEWS FROM ACROSS THE COUNTRY

Reports on the week's top games, a national roundup, HERMAN HICKMAN's column and HUNCHES

30

U.S. TENNIS IS BEING KILLED

WHITNEY TOWER interviews Jack Kramer, who diagnoses the game's ailments and suggests some remedies

37

PICNICS AND JUMPS

Only the best is to be found at Rolling Rock's AAU meeting, photographed in COLOR by HANS KNOPP

58

FAREWELL TO THE BABE

A moving tribute to Mildred DiGirolamo Zakarias by her friend and admirer PAUL GALLAGHER

66

WEATHERBY'S WONDERFUL RIFLE

It's a custom-built beauty for big-game hunters that will drop an elephant with one shot. By MARTIN KANE

71

THE DEPARTMENTS

● COMING EVENTS

8

● EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

23

● THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

27

● SCOREBOARD

40

● THE OUTDOOR WEEK

42

● THE 35TH HOLE

70

● PAT ON THE BACK

80

● **Hatches:** JIMMY JEMAIL asks: How important is a jockey to a horse?

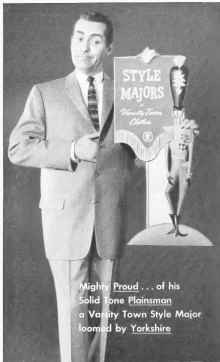
● **Heries:** The Kentucky State Fair was a record breaker in more senses than one, notes ALICE HICKINS

● **The Footloose Sportsman:** HORACE SUTTON visits The Bronx, where bagels and baseball are the staple diet.

● **Sporting Look:** FRED R. SMITH unfolds a new, lighter world, compliments of the automobile.

IN NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE

WILLIAM SAROYAN GOES TO THE SERIES FOOTBALL: MICHIGAN VS. MICHIGAN STATE



Mighty Proud . . . of his
Solid Tone Plainsman
a Varsity Town Style Major
loomed by Yorkshire

Plainsman's exclusive Yorkshire worsted flannel is woven in an unusually close texture from fine Australian wool yarns . . . to give the cloth weightless comfort and luxurious feel. It's America's smartest solid tone suit . . . in Navy, Smoke Blue, New Grays, Currency Green, Ranch Brown. Trim "Straddy" modeled.



Get this "LITTLE BLUE BOOK"
of Sport and Style Info.

Only 16¢ a 1 1/2 in. with 176 pages of football schedules, scores, sport records, fraternity data, style news and advice. Get one free at store in your city that sells Varsity Town Clothes or send for postage to . . .



The H. A. Spinkshier Co.
Cincinnati 3, Ohio

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED

Editor-in-Chief Henry R. Lamm
President Ray E. Lamm

Managing Editor Henry L. James

Assistant
Managing Editors { Richard W. Johnston
André Lapierre
John Tilly

Associate Editors

Jerome Snyder (Art Director), Percy Knauth
(Editor), Robert Coleman, Robert Coleman,
Donald Schacht, Mervyn Kline, Paul Paul O'Neil,
Fred R. Smith, Whitney Towns, Herbert Warren
Wood, Norton Wood, Alfred Wright.

Staff Writers

Eura Brown, Alan Higgins, Marvin Meyers,
Thomas H. Lawrence, Hamilton B. Mayne,
Tom Purcell, Richard C. Rosier, Cuba Phinney,
Kenneth Rodden, Kline St. John, Dorothy
Spill, Jeremiah Taz, Ray Terrell, Reginald
Wells, Jo Allen Zil.

Photography

Photography Bureau: Gerald Aker,
Steve Fischelbaum; Richard Mink, Ry
Foslin, John G. Zimmerman; Assistant:
Jerry Dick, Dorothy Moss, Ben Schickel.

Reporters

Harold Feinstein (Chief), Paul Abramson,
Hazel Alexander, Elizabeth Bergman, Walter
Binkman, Betty Brundin, Evelyn S. Brown,
Virginia East, Martin Land, Peter Mary
Nichols, Gilbert Rogin, Mary Snow, Nick
Thomson, Lester Woodward.

Special Contributors

Roger Baughman, Robert Davis Jr., Herman
Hickman, Jimmy Jamail, Victor Kalman, Ed
Madden, John O'Leary, Charles Penning, Rod
Schafer, H. Allen Smith, Harold Smith,
William F. Talbot, Jerome Weidman, Ed Zorn.

Assistant to the Managing Editor

Henry J. Ramsey

Editorial Assistants

Sherry Kinn, Kenneth Milosavljevic, Morton
Shurick.

Administrative Assistant

Maureen Harris

Production

Arthur E. Brasley (Chief), Benjamin Gottlieb
(Copy Desk), George Hunsford, Betty De
Munster, Ingeborg Steffen, Helen Taylor.

Layout

Alfred Senguer (Chief), William Bernstein,
Harvey Gray, Martin Nathan.

U.S. & Foreign Bureaus

Newsmen: Earl Rosten
Washington, Chicago, Los Angeles, Detroit, Atlanta,
Boston, Dallas, Houston, Miami, San Francisco,
Seattle, St. Louis, Montreal, Toronto (Lawrence Lap-
perton, Chief of Correspondents)
London, Paris, Rome, Rome, Madrid, Johannesburg,
Beirut, New Delhi, Singapore, Tokyo, Hong Kong,
Manila, Cebu, Guaymas, City, Rio de Janeiro, Sao
Paulo, Lima (Chief of Correspondents).

Publisher H. H. S. Phillips Jr.

Advertising Director William W. Holman

Subscription Rates: To the U.S., Canada and U.K.
Postmaster: except Hawaii and Alaska, 1st. U.S.
Airmail postage in Alaska and Hawaii, 1st.
\$10.00. All other subscriptions, 1st. \$10.00. Please
address all correspondence concerning SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editorial and advertising content to
SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, P.O. Box 1000, New York
York 10, N.Y., and all subscription correspondence
to SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, 100 N. Michigan Ave.,
Chicago 11, Ill. Changes of address require three
weeks' notice. Please indicate magazine and furnish
address before a new issue, or state clearly how
magazine is addressed. Change cannot be made
without old as well as new address, in-
cluding postal zone number. First fee, one paid
copy. Visa, Lira, Franc, etc. are accepted.
Printed and Mailed at Chicago, Illinois.
T. Booth, President, Ray E. Lamm, Executive
Vice President for Publishing, Howard Black,
Executive Vice President and Treasurer, Charles
L. Williams, Vice President and Secretary, D. R.
Frydman, Jr. President, Bernard Berman,
Alfred Green, Andrew Heikoff, C. D. Jordan, J.
Edward King, James A. Linn, Ralph D. Paine
Jr., P. I. Printing Company and American Book
Company, Grand St. Chicago.



It doesn't take a tintype to date a man!

If you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often

You don't have to look like the gentleman in the picture to be out-dated—a worn or old-fashioned belt can be just as disastrous to your appearance. And unfortunately, you are the last to know, for actually, you can barely see your belt when you have it on.

Make this instantaneous style test

Just tuck in your shirt and look down at your belt. You can hardly see more than just the edge—but others see the entire belt—with its worn appearance and old-fashioned styling. Certainly, if you saw your belt as others see it, you'd change it more often, and you'd change to "Paris,"* the modern belt. These rugged molded, saddle leather belts are perfect for sports and casual wear. Select several today.



Top—Unique hand-stenciled pattern in 5/8" style. \$2.80.

Center—Hand-stenciled edge design with extra comfortable stretch buckle. 1" width. \$2.50.

Bottom—1" style with a two-tone, hand-stenciled design. \$2.50.

*Buy, C. B. Post, Ltd., a subsidiary of A. Klein & Company, Chicago—New York—Los Angeles.

Sportswear

ILLUSTRATED



Dale Dodoli, Colorado A&M, Pittsburgh Steelers, 1988 pro all-star defensive guard, wears Jantzen "Upper Classman" pullover of Khazeflone... washable, durable, meshknit with Mott®... 11.95.

Jantzen
SWEATERS

Jantzen Inc., Portland 8, Oregon

The gift you'd
like to receive yourself
... first class from Holland



IMPORTED

Heineken's
HOLLAND BEER

Now you can send a case of Heineken's Beer as a gift to friends and business associates wherever Heineken's is sold in the United States.

For full information write to:
BEVERAGE DISTRIBUTION, COURTESY INC.,
City National Bank Building, New York, N.Y.

General B. S. Inc., Inc., New York, N.Y. 10011
New York 26, N.Y.

JIMMY JEMAIL'S

HOTBOX

The Questions:

*How important is a jockey
to a horse?*



MRS. E. V. WHITNEY

Old Westbury, N.Y.



As important as Bobby Bragan is to the Pirates, Bobby took the same kids from last to first place—for a while—in the National League. A good jockey can perform a fine miracle. He is as important to his horse as a conductor to an orchestra, because a horse race is a symphony in motion.

MRS. E. BARRY RYAN

Lexington, Ky.



You may be sure of a foal's blood mating; you spend lots of time with him—his feed, the vet, his training, etc. Now he's 2 years old and ready—you hope—and you get him to the post. What happens? Everything depends on a little bliny man, with a little bliny cap and a size two shoe.

CHARLES H. WACKER

Chicago manufacturer



For a good horse to put in a good performance a good jockey is essential. But a good jockey can't do much for a poor horse. The only reason Native Dancer was beaten at the Kentucky Derby was because of a crass miscalculation by a jockey who is one of the greatest riders.

JOSEPHINE ABERCROMBIE ROBINSON

Lexington, Ky.



There's a tendency for stables to depend on "name" jockeys, but in a mile-and-a-half race some of the horses are going to break. The best name jockey in the world can't do anything about it. I've been a rider in horse shows. There it's different. A rider means 50% to 60% to his mount.

JIMMY KILROE

Official handrapper



Over a long pull, a good rider can win more than poor riders will lose. A poor rider can get the best horse looked by mistake in judgment. Race horses run between 35 and 45 miles an hour. Riders have to make instant decisions, and the better riders make fewer mistakes.

MAX HIRSCH



Trainer for King Ranch and other stables

Let's say that the jockey has got to have the horse. With a really great horse—the greatest—and a number of good jockeys to choose from, I'd say that the jockey amounts to about 25% of the race, but no more. Because he has equally good jockeys running against him.

JOHN V. BOWLER III



Easthampton, N.Y.
Stockbroker

In the average horse race a good jockey is worth about 11% of the race and the horse 25%. However, when you have great horses like Citation, Whirlaway, Native Dancer and Dan Patch, it's usually the other way round. But even great horses can win if the jockey has a temporary lapse.

BELMONT EVANS



Beltsville, Md.
Horse Trainer

My opinion may raise some eyebrows, but I sincerely believe that a jockey is about 1% of the horse after the trainer is through with him, and the horse can really run. That kind of horse makes a jockey, even an Amateur. Any jockey who can hang on can win with Swaps or Natchez.

MRS. ANDREW J. BRANE



Miami, Fla.
Owner, racing stable

Not too important. A jockey has to have good judgment in a tight race but that's all. Everything else being equal, a good jockey can move a horse up by a head in a tight race, but he can't move him up a full length. Give me the good horse in a race and you can have your pick of jockeys.

NEXT WEEK:

Must countries subsidize their Olympic athletes.

Should we do the same?

SWITZERLAND



**Snow, Sun
and Fun Galore!**
You'll have the perfect holiday
in Wintertime
Switzerland

For Winter Sports, there's nowhere like Switzerland! You'll find 125 Winter Resorts with World-Renowned Ski-Runs. And wherever there's skiing in Switzerland, there's also skating, tobogganing, curling, hockey and sleigh rides. Even "spectating" or relaxing are fine arts! Remember this: Each day in Switzerland's health-building Alpine air should add another week to your life.

Consult your travel agent or write:
SWISS NATIONAL TOURIST OFFICE
18 West 48th Street, New York 20, N. Y.
601 Market Street, San Francisco 5, Calif.



MEMO FROM THE PUBLISHER



TWIE MILLIONS who have known the joy of making a grand slam doubled and vulnerable, and the despair of going down three tricks in like circumstances play their cards for the most part unaware of the man to whom they are indebted for both experiences. He is Harold S. Vanderbilt, the inventor of contract bridge.

He is also, of course, the man who successfully defended the historic America's Cup, the ultimate trophy in yachting, against its last three challenges.

Despite his name and accomplishments and the fact that he has during almost all of his 72 years been one of the most imposing and creative figures in American sporting life, "Mike" Vanderbilt has remained comparatively unknown to the general public, more a legend than a reality, and even the legend is indistinct.

In next week's issue, however, **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** publishes the first installment of a four-part article by George Plimpton in which both the personality and the contributions of Harold S. Vanderbilt at last come through clearly.

During the six months of preparing his story, Plimpton, Harvard '48, once president of the *Lacrosse* and now editor of the quarterly *Paris Review*, visited Vanderbilt, Harvard '07, at his home in Florida, his farm in Virginia, his offices in New York and rode part way on one of Vanderbilt's self-driven and typically high-speed motor trips through Europe. He also went out sailing with him, played golf and tennis with him.

He also joined him at the card table, for at the outset Vanderbilt told him, "One thing is sure. If you're going to write this, you'd better play some bridge with me."

The result of the many hours of games and sport and the many months of research and writing was not only a friendship between writer and subject, but the first complete story of a great sailor, of a meticulous and inventive intellect and of a peerless competitor.

Henry Phillips



"ORLON"™, in a fine blend with wool, adds softness and softness to the handsome flares, nels at right. See them in a variety of shades and styles, including the new subtle stripes, at these and other fine stores:

Boston, Calif.	Lee's Men Store
Brandsburg, N. Y.	South Store
Buff, Montana	The Tugger
Cedar Rapids, Iowa	Armstrong's
Charleston, N. Va.	Henry's Mens Shop
Chicago, Ill.	Lyons's
Cleveland, Ohio	Bob Kennedy
Cleveland, Ohio	The Wm. Taylor Son & Co.
Columbus, Ohio	The Oring
Dayton, Ohio	Stokes & Lindner
Denver, Colorado	DeBart's The Man's Store
Des Moines, Iowa	Yonker Bros.
Dubuque, N. C.	The Young Men's Shop
Elkhart, Ind.	Elmer Reed
Erie, Pa.	James Baker & Sons
Fort Worth, Texas	Wooler Bros.
Hampton, N. Y.	Turney
Houston, N. C.	The Sport Shop
Los Angeles, Calif.	Silverman's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Sturges
Minneapolis, Minn.	Dayton's
Minneapolis, Minn.	Yonker Bros.
Muskegon, Mich.	E. J. Gopher and Co., Inc.
New Castle, Pa.	Reynolds & Summers, Inc.
New Orleans, La.	Goldman
Panthersburg, N. Va.	J. R. Smith & Co.
Phoenix, Ariz.	Kennedy
Pomona, Calif.	John P. Evans
Portland, Oregon	Meier & Frank Co., Inc.
Portsmouth, N. H.	Goodman Men's Shop
Raleigh, N. C.	Arnold Jacoby's
Richmond, Va.	Thompson Bros.
San Diego, Calif.	Walker Scott Co.
San Luis Obispo, Calif.	Kirby's Mens Wear
Seattle, Wash.	Bob Marshall
State College, Pa.	Bur's Mens Shop
Stoueville, Ohio	Myer & Stone
St. Louis, Mo.	Bryce
Toronto, Ont.	The S. B. Baker Co.
Tucson, Ariz.	White House Department Store
Westerville, Calif.	Charles Ford Co.

"ORLON"™



BETTER THINGS FOR BETTER LIVING
... THROUGH CHEMISTRY

*Orlon is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fiber.



gives flannels The Well-Groomed Look

This fall you can wear flannel slacks that are luxuriously soft, yet keep you looking admirably neat. "Orlon"™ acrylic fiber makes this possible, helps flannels hold their shape and press to give you The Well-Groomed Look, wearing after wearing. See soft flannels made with "Orlon" at the fine stores listed opposite, or wherever you buy your better clothes.

"Orlon" is Du Pont's registered trademark for its acrylic fibers. Du Pont makes fibers, does not make the fabrics or slacks shown here.

ORLON

REG. U. S. PAT. OFF.



INCORPORATED

BETTER THINGS FOR BETTERIVING... THROUGH CREWWORK

COMING EVENTS

October 5 through October 13

● TV ★ COLOR TV ● NETWORK RADIO

ALL TIMES E.D.T. EXCEPT WHERE
OTHERWISE NOTED

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 5

Boxing

● Tony Anthony vs. Clarence Wainart, light heavyweights (10 rds.), New Capitol Arena, Washington, D.C., 10 p.m. (NBC).

Football

U. of Miami vs. Boston College, Miami (N).
SDLA vs. Oregon, Los Angeles (N).

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 6

Football

(Leading college games)

EAST

Amherst vs. Union, Amherst, Mass.
Army vs. Penn St., West Point, N.Y.
Bucknell vs. Lehigh, Lewisburg, Pa.
Connecticut vs. Rutgers, Storrs, Conn.
Cornell vs. Navy, Ithaca, N.Y.
Delaware vs. Lafayette, Newark, Del.
Harvard vs. Tufts, Cambridge, Mass.
Holy Cross vs. Colgate, Worcester, Mass.
Maryland vs. Baylor, College Park, Md.
Northwestern vs. Temple, Allentown, Pa.
Pennsylvania vs. Davidson, Davidson, N.C.
Princeton vs. Columbia, Princeton, N.J.
Vermont vs. Maine, Burlington, Vt.
Williams vs. Colby, Williamstown, Mass.
Yale vs. Brown, New Haven, Conn.

SOUTH & SOUTHWEST

Alabama vs. Vanderbilt, Mobile, Ala.
Auburn vs. Furman, Auburn, Ala.
Cuba vs. Tennessee, Durham, N.C.
Florida vs. Kentucky, Gainesville, Fla.
Georgia vs. Mississippi St., Athens, Ga.
Mississippi vs. Houston, Jackson, Miss.
North Carolina St. vs. Clemson, Raleigh, N.C.
Rice vs. Louisiana St., Houston, Texas.
South Carolina vs. North Carolina, Columbia, S.C.
Texas vs. West Virginia, Austin, Texas.

continued on page 10

WORLD SERIES CALENDAR

ALL GAMES WILL BE TELEVIEWED BY NBC
AND BROADCAST BY MUTUAL

Friday, October 5

New York vs. Brooklyn, third game, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 12:45 p.m.

Saturday, October 6

New York vs. Brooklyn, fourth game, Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 12:45 p.m.

Sunday, October 7

New York vs. Brooklyn, fifth game (if necessary), Yankee Stadium, N.Y., 1:45 p.m.

Monday, October 8

Brooklyn vs. New York, sixth game (if necessary), Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, 12:45 p.m.

Tuesday, October 9

Brooklyn vs. New York, seventh game (if necessary), Ebbets Field, Brooklyn, 12:45 p.m.



Lariat by SWANK

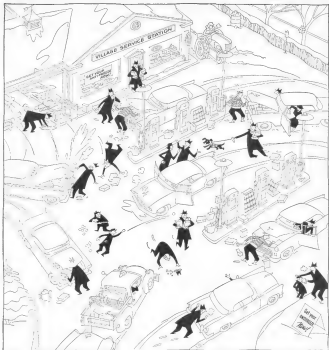
...the new "tie" for sportshirts

Your own personal initial will spark this popular replacement of the ordinary necktie. Ideal for sportshirts, the Lariat provides smart style at the collar with maximum comfort.

You'll find it especially valuable when "ties are required" at resorts, restaurants, etc. Elegant initial set in rich black and silvery shield design. **\$1.50**

At leading jewelry, men's wear and department stores.

Look for the name SWANK® World's largest Manufacturer of Men's and Boys' Jewelry.
Swank, Inc., Arlington, Mass.



Famous last words—

"I'll get my antifreeze tomorrow!"

Why go through this again—take steps now!

1. Take your car to your regular serviceman.
2. Give him time for a complete check of the entire cooling system.

3. Ask him to install his company brand of glycol allwinter antifreeze.

Three easy steps right now . . . and you're ready for carefree winter driving!

Dow is a leading producer and supplier of ethylene glycol to the antifreeze industry.

The Dow Chemical Company, Midland, Michigan

DOW

Attaché



BY

Shapely

ACRILAN and wool . . . beauty,

richness, washability.

Deep, lustrous stripes (or plaids) convey
the spirit of youthful America.

about \$9

AT LEADING STORES EVERYWHERE

THE MACK SHIRT CORP., CINCINNATI 2, OHIO

COMING EVENTS

- **102** vs. Arkansas, Fort Worth, Texas, 7:15-8:30 p.m. (ABC). Men to fight: 102 vs. Jim Sorens (230) & Arkansas' George Walker (247).
- Texas Tech vs. Texas A&M, Dallas, Texas.
- Virginia vs. Wake Forest, Charlottesville, Va.
- William & Mary vs. Boston U., Williamsburg, Va.

WEST

- Iowa vs. Oregon St., Iowa City, Iowa.
- Kansas vs. Colorado, Lawrence, Kan.
- Michigan vs. Michigan St., Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Purdue, Minneapolis, Minn.
- Missouri vs. SMU, Columbia, Mo.
- Nebraska vs. Iowa St., Lincoln, Neb.
- Northwestern vs. Tulane, Evanston, Ill.
- Notre Dame vs. Indiana, South Bend, Ind.
- Ohio St. vs. Stanford, Columbus, Ohio, 7:30 p.m. (ABC).

- Oklahoma vs. Kansas St., Norman, Okla.
- Wisconsin vs. Delaware A&M, Wichita, Kan.
- Wisconsin vs. Southern California, Madison, Wis.

FAR WEST

- California vs. Pittsburgh, Berkeley, Calif.
- Idaho vs. Washington St., Kenosha, Idaho.
- Washington vs. 18 mos. Seattle, Wash.

(Professional)

- Baltimore vs. Detroit, Baltimore.
- Philadelphia vs. Washington, Philadelphia.
- Pittsburgh vs. Cleveland, Pittsburgh.

Horse Racing

- Manhattan Handicap, \$50,000, 2-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.
- The Midson, \$25,000, 2-yr.-old fillies, 8 f., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

TUESDAY, OCTOBER 7

Football

(Professional)

- Chicago Cardinals vs. New York, Chicago, 2 p.m. (CBS).
- Green Bay vs. Chicago Bears, Green Bay, Wis.
- San Francisco vs. Los Angeles, San Francisco.

WEDNESDAY, OCTOBER 8

Boxing

- Danny Greenwell vs. Joe Meach, welterweights (18 lbs.), St. Paul's, New York, 10 p.m. (De Munt).

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 10

Boxing

- Spider Webb vs. Charley Carlton, middleweights (16 lbs.), Chicago Stadium, Chicago, 10 p.m. (ABC).

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

Golf

- Western Open, Picoaso GC, San Francisco (through Oct. 14).

Hockey

- Opening of National Hockey League:
- Boston vs. Toronto, Boston.
- Detroit vs. Chicago, Detroit.

FRIDAY, OCTOBER 11

Boxing

- Johnny Sullivan vs. Barry Galtoun, middleweights (16 lbs.), Cleveland Arena, Cleveland, 10 p.m. (ABC).

Football

- Miami vs. Maryland, Miami, Fla.

Horse Racing

- Ladies' Handicap, \$50,000, 2-yr.-olds and up, fillies & mares, 1 1/8 m., Belmont Pk., N.Y.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 12

Boxing

- Saltire Cup, unlimited weights, Lake Mead, Nev. (also Oct. 14).

Boxing

- Boey De Marco vs. Kid Gavilan, middleweights (16 lbs.), Boston.

continued on page 12

**PLATEAU: THE SUIT THAT'S
TWO JUMPS AHEAD OF THE WEATHER**



NEVER MIND ABOUT THE MERCURY

... here's one suit you'll enjoy wearing indoors or out from here to humidity ... your good-fitting, grand-looking Plateau. Aptly called the suit with the Weightless Feel.

Pure, marvelous wool is prelazed in the loom by Pacific Mills, then given Balanced Tailoring by Timely Clothes. The finished product: comfort without bulk, a superior wanted beautifully tailored — at a price well within reason. See your Plateau dealer. Suit \$75. Slacks \$23.95. Sentry Coat \$62.50.



TO 6-5 TWO-BND
NEW YORK

At these and other fine stores

Wash. Ind. Lark City, Ind.
Cincinnati, Chicago, Baltimore, Seattle
Worthington's, Grand Rapids, Milwaukee
Dorothy, Madison, Wisconsin

PACIFIC MILLS

200 FIFTH AVENUE, NEW YORK 10, N. Y.
A member of Burlington Industries, Inc.



COMING EVENTS

Football

(Leading college games)

East

- Boston U. vs. George Washington, Boston.
- Duquesne vs. Amherst, Amherst, Mass.
- Brown vs. Dartmouth, Providence, R.I.
- Columbia vs. Yale, New York.
- Cornell vs. Harvard, Ithaca, N.Y.
- Delaware vs. Bucknell, Newark, Del.
- Maine vs. New Hampshire, Orono, Me.
- Massachusetts vs. Connecticut, Amherst, Mass.
- Pennsylvania vs. Princeton, Philadelphia.
- Penn State vs. Holy Cross, University Park, Pa. 1:55 p.m. (NBC).
- Springfield vs. Colby, Springfield, Mass.
- Syracuse vs. West Virginia, Syracuse, N.Y.
- Tufts vs. Trinity, Medford, Mass.
- Wesleyan vs. Rensselaer, Middletown, Conn.
- Williams vs. Middlebury, Williamstown, Mass.

South & Southwest

- Alabama vs. TCU, Tuscaloosa, Ala.
- Arkansas vs. Baylor, Fayetteville, Ark.
- Duke vs. SMU, Durham, N.C.
- Florida vs. Rice, Gainesville, Fla.
- Georgia Tech vs. LSU, Atlanta.
- Kentucky vs. Auburn, Lexington, Ky.
- Mississippi vs. Vanderbilt, Oxford, Miss.
- North Carolina vs. Georgia, Chapel Hill, N.C.
- North Carolina St. vs. Florida St., Raleigh, N.C.
- Tennessee vs. Chattanooga, Knoxville.
- Texas vs. Oklahoma, Dallas.
- Tulane vs. Navy, New Orleans, 3:30 p.m. (ABC).
- Wake Forest vs. Clemson, Wake Forest, N.C.

West

- Illinois vs. Ohio State, Champaign, Ill.
- Iowa vs. Wisconsin, Iowa City, Iowa.
- Iowa State vs. Kansas, Ames, Iowa.
- Marquette vs. Boston College, Milwaukee.
- Michigan vs. Army, Ann Arbor, Mich.
- Michigan State vs. Indiana, East Lansing, Mich.
- Minnesota vs. Northwestern, Minneapolis.
- Missouri vs. North Dakota State, Columbia, Mo.
- Nebraska vs. Kansas State, Lincoln, Neb.
- Navy vs. DePaul, South Bend, Ind.
- Tulsa vs. Oklahoma A&M, Tulsa, Okla.

Far West

- Colorado vs. Colorado State, Boulder, Colo.
- Idaho vs. Arizona State, Tucson, Idaho.
- Oregon State vs. California, Corvallis, Ore. 1:45 p.m. PST (NBC).
- Stanford vs. San Jose State, Palo Alto, Calif.
- UCLA vs. Washington State, Los Angeles.
- Utah vs. Denver, Salt Lake City.
- Washington vs. Oregon, Seattle.
- Wyoming vs. New Mexico, Laramie, Wyo.

Horse Racing

- Hawthorne Gold Cup, \$100,000, 2-yr.-olds & up, 1 1/4 m., Hawthorne, Calif.
- The Kentucky, \$10,000, 2-yr.-old colts and fillies, 6 fms., Belmont Park, N.Y.
- Jockey Club Gold Cup, \$50,000, 3-yr.-olds & up, 2 m., Belmont Park, N.Y.

Olympics

- Australian trials, Olympic Park, Melbourne.
- U.S. Olympic track & field team induction meet, San Francisco.

THURSDAY, OCTOBER 14

Auto Racing

- Langhorne National Sprintman race, 100 m., Langhorne, Pa.

Football

(Professional)

- Chicago Bears vs. San Francisco, Chicago.
- Cleveland vs. New York, Cleveland, 2:00 p.m. (CBS).
- Denver vs. Los Angeles, Denver.
- Green Bay vs. Philadelphia, Milwaukee.
- Pittsburgh vs. Philadelphia, Pittsburgh.
- Washington vs. Chicago Cardinals, Washington.

*See local listing.

OCTOBER 8, 1954

1866 • FOR 90 YEARS • 1956

THE WORLD'S STANDARD OF EXCELLENCE

The World's Fair Grand Prize
28 Gold Medals

Longines

THE WORLD'S MOST HONORED WATCH

All Major League baseball games, including the World Series, are Longines-timed with the exclusive (and handsome) Longines Official Stop-Second Watch pictured above. It permits instant, accurate time-check on suspected violations of the rules against stalling or other infractions. For yourself, or as a gift, whatever the style or type, for whatever its special purpose, Longines has a watch for you. And though you pay as little as \$71.50, rest assured, in the whole wide world, there is no watch of finer quality. Your Longines-Wittnauer Jeweler will be honored to serve you.

LONGINES OFFICIAL STOP-SECOND (patented). Press pushpiece and colored hour and minute hands fly back to zero; release and they start to count seconds; half-press and hands stop for reading. Used by flyers, sports car enthusiasts, film and television producers, physicians, sportsmen, \$85.00.

Longines-Wittnauer Watch Company

SINCE 1866 MAKER OF WATCHES OF THE HIGHEST CHARACTER

SPORTS
ILLUSTRATED

OCTOBER 8, 1956

THE GREAT DRAMA: LAST ACT

A marvelous season ended, but it wasn't over. The Dodgers won, but they had a World Series yet to play. The incredible drama of baseball moved toward its climax

by ROBERT CREAMER
and ROY TERRELL

NOW COME baseball's final moments. The Barber has thrown his last pitch of the regular season. The Dodgers have won. The last Brave has slipped unhappily off the field (to a gasping winter of discontent (see pages 26, 29). Mantle has his triple crown. Greenberg has shed crucifixion tears for Lopez. The historians of the dreifmal point are busy dehydrating blood-and-snow knee hits into the chipped-beef dirt of the record books: 2.13 ERA, 128 RBI, 329 PCT.

The season is over, and now it is the World Series. This should be the climax, the ultimate in the extravagant drama that claimed the rapt attention of so many Americans this year.

It should be the climax, too, coming as it does so hard on the wildly improbable National League pennant race that ended in Roy Campanella's meet in Ebbets Field last Sunday, the voiceless fan asks how can it possibly be a climax? The drama is





SAL MAGLIE, The Barber, the 31-year-old right-handed pitcher of the Brooklyn Dodgers, whose switch-hitting and competitive courage were the most impressive weapons the Dodgers had as they struggled down the stretch toward the pennant. Maglie's personal heroes were cricketers; a remarkable no-hit, no-run game in the crucial last week of the regular season.

done, used up, finished: there's nothing left but the curtain. But baseball, if you check the playbills of past World Series, is bound this week and next to come up with yet another Dusty Rhodes Home Run, another Johnny Podres Shutout, another melodramatic taper that on the stage would seem outrageously contrived but which, under the proscenium of the sky, in the unrehearsed arena of infield and outfield games with the breath of innover and crises in the onlooker unabashed delight. Don't worry about the World Series. If Sal Maglie, the popular choice for hero, drops his spear, there's bound to be a hit player who'll leap flamboyantly to enter stage, ready and eager (and very much able) to pull a Popper Martin.

But, truth to tell, this year the Hero will have to go to extremes to top the season. Thumb through the annals of 1956: Mickey Marple, the broadback, undeniably the player of the year, when you measure the length and breadth and number of his home runs and his fame . . . Ted Williams, again with a remarkable comeback emboldened by his strong, albeit fatig, challenge for the batting title but sadly tarnished by his spoiled-child, foot-stamping rebellion against his Boston tormentors . . . Casey Stengel and Birdie Tebbetts, demonstrating that managerial success in the major leagues requires not only the players (the "horses," to use a current and choice metaphor) but also a sound and constantly expanding knowledge of game, personnel, environment, situation, equipment, weather, the world and man . . . Dale Long, who with two men on base against the Dodgers in his last time at bat in the season, struck out helplessly at a moment when a home run could have made the National Race absolutely unbearable, but who in May for one wonderful week hit homers more steadily and resolutely than any man in baseball history . . . and Maglie, heretofore respected but not particularly loved as a cold-blooded, hard-boiled, unsmiling gangster of a pitcher when he labored for the New York Giants, who with the Dodgers became a full-blown white-armored hero since he was (as always) a courageous fighter well-armed, an old man turned young, and a villain reformed.

continued on next page

OUR CHOICES

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED's editors jump into the fray to make their picks of the performers of the season—often the product of some heated argument. In fact, the staff will disagree on some of these

MANAGER

OUTSTANDING PLAYER

HITTER

PITCHER

MOST DRAMATIC PLAYER

BEST FIELDING INFIELDER

BEST FIELDING OUTFIELDER

DOOKIE

BEST BASE RUNNER

MOST CONTROVERSIAL PLAYER

National League

Birdie Tabbella, GM
Don Newcombe, 8th
Joe Adcock, 1st
Don Newcombe, 8th
Sal Maglie, 8th
Ray McDaniel, 6th
White Wings, NY
Frank Robinson, 6th
Jackie Robinson, 8th
Zew Buckner, 1st

American League

Casey Stengel, NY
Mickey Vernon, NY
Mickey Vernon, NY
Kirk Scott, Clev
Mickey Vernon, NY
Luis Aparicio, Chi
Jim Piersall, Bos
Luis Aparicio, Chi
Jim Rivera, Chi
Ted Williams, Bos

MOST VALUABLE PLAYER TO CLUB

National League

Brooklyn Don Newcombe
Milwaukee Warren Spahn
Cincinnati Ray McDaniel
St. Louis Steve Garvey
Philadelphia Stan Lapata
New York Johnny Antonelli
Pittsburgh Bob Friend
Chicago Ernie Banks

American League

New York Mickey Vernon
Cleveland Scott, Wynn, Lomon
Chicago Billy Pierce
Boston Jim Piersall
Detroit Al Kaline
Baltimore Dick Newman
Washington Pete Samuels
Kansas City Harry Simpson

THE GREAT DRAMA

continued from page 25

Mantle, Maglie, Pittsburgh's prideful Pirates and the crafty Cardinals of St. Louis particularly made it a season to remember. Mantle because he was strength, Maglie because he was skill, the Pirates because they were youth and enthusiasm, the Cardinals because they were integrity. Perhaps the last in first. Ball players as a group deny any accusation that they play the game for the fun of winning, for the gratification of success. It's gold, they insist. Money. We're professionals. We're very practical about this.

In mid-September a friend spoke to Ken Boyer, the Cardinal third baseman who had just shaken loose from a long slump and who was playing great ball again. It must be odd, the friend said, to be a ballplayer this time of year, to be a Cardinal, for instance, pretty well set in fourth place, unable to go higher and very unlikely to go lower. You must just be playing out the string, going through the motions. Boyer grinned and nodded.

"Going through the motions," he agreed, "and rooting for Milwaukee."

Boyer's teammate, Wally Moon, who had been hitting up with the league leaders but who, enervated by an acute virus attack, was about to go into a slump, said much the same thing.

"Sure hope Milwaukee wins," he murmured. "I can use the money."

But in the last three days of the season, when the Braves needed only to win to beat out the Dodgers for the pennant, the Cardinals of Boyer and Moon stopped them.

The St. Louis fans must have made the Braves feel right at home. Rooting against their old enemies, the Dodgers, as much as anything else, they cheered every Milwaukee move, howled imprecations at the umpires on any questionable decision against the Braves and even—on occasion—booed their beloved Cards. But the Cardinals themselves played as if the pennant was at stake; instead of easing up and thinking about the larger fourth-place World Series share they would receive should Milwaukee, instead of Brooklyn, meet the Yankees, they went up to the plate, took their full cuts—and beat the Braves out of the pennant. "They can't win this game is crooked, can they, Coop?" grinned Old Cardinal

War Horse Terry Moore, who now coaches first base, to Old Cardinal War Horse Walker Cooper, who still sometimes catches. "Here we beat 'em, and it's costing us money."

But beat 'em they did Friday night, and beat 'em they did again Saturday. That night, Saturday, was the death knell of Milwaukee's pennant hopes. Warren Spahn, the superb left-handed pitching star of the Braves, had almost singlehandedly defeated the Cincinnati Redlegs in a vital game four days earlier. Now he pitched even better ball, allowing only three hits and one run through 11 innings. In the 12th, Rip Repulski scratched a double off Third Baseman Ed Matthews' glove to score Stan Musial from second with the winning run. Spahn, 36, a veteran of a dozen seasons and 203 victories in the major leagues, came off the mound defeated and crying. In anger and frustration he threw his glove at a photographer (and later, because he is a man of quality as well as a fierce competitor, apologized). The Cardinals in overcoming Spahn's great skill had proved the strength of the basic fabric of baseball: the integrity of its competition.

The Pittsburgh Pirates proved the vigor of its dramatic content. Early in the year they were everybody's team, the last-place crew of young fellows you'd never heard of. Bob Friend was the best pitcher in the league (he was the winning pitcher in the All-Star Game), and First Baseman Dale Long hit home runs in eight consecutive games, to set a major league record untouched by Ruth, Gehrig, Foss, or even Mickey Mantle. They beat everyone and climbed up through the standings until—for nine magic days—they were in first place. Then their dreams burned to ashes, and they plunged steadily downward again until they settled into what finally developed into a losing fight for sixth place.

But in the waning days of the season, against Milwaukee and Brooklyn, they regained the fire of spring; their pitchers again were tough to hit, awfully hard to beat; their batters were smart at the plate, and dangerous; their base runners were eager and desperate and raced around the paths; their fielders made diving, straining catches. They wanted to beat the Dodgers in the last three games as much as the Dodgers wanted to win the pennant. They lost—because they were a seventh place team and the Dodgers were the league champions—but they lost hard; 6-2 after jumping to a 3-0 first-inning lead over Maglie; 3-1 to Clem Labine in a

continued on page 28

MY BASEBALL

by WILLIAM SAROYAN



NOVELIST WILLIAM SAROYAN

Cought up in the pennant fever, the noted American novelist asked SPORTS ILLUSTRATED to grant him the privilege of covering the World Series. By way of preparation he went to Ebbets Field to see Brooklyn win it on Sunday, and he was so moved that he put down these thoughts after the game. Next week he will write his reactions to the Series itself.

BASEBALL is caring. Player and fan alike must care, or there is no game. If there's no game, there's no pennant race and no World Series. And for all any of us know there might soon be no nation at all.

The caring is whole and constant, whether warranted or hapless, tender or angry, ritual or reverent. From the first pitch to the last out the caring continues. With a score of 6-0, two outs, two strikes, nobody on, only an average batter at bat, it is still possible, and sometimes necessary, to believe something can still happen—for the simple reason that it *has* happened before, and very probably will again. And when it does, won't that be the day? Isn't that alone almost enough to live for, assuming there might just be little else? To witness so pure a demonstration of the unaccountable way by which the human spirit achieves stunning, unbelievable grandeur?

If the caring isn't for a team (because a team won't come through, or can't), then for the game itself, the annual ritual, moving with time and the world, the carefully planned and slowly accelerated approach to the great reward—the outcome, the answer, the revelation of the best, the winner.

It is good to care—in any dimension. More Americans put their spare (and purest?) caring into baseball than into anything else I can think of—and most of them put at least a little of it there. Most of them know the game is going on all the time, like the tides, and suspect there's a reason, or at least wonder about it. What is all the fuss about the whole year, and all the excitement every October? Is this a nation of kids, or what? Why not existentialism instead of baseball, for instance? Well, for one thing, you've got to be tired to care for old existentialism, and Americans just aren't ready to be that tired yet. For another, baseball can be trusted, as great art can, and bad art can't, especially as it comes from Hollywood, where sharp dealing is an accepted principle of profit-making. And it doesn't matter that baseball is very, very big business—quite the contrary. That only makes its truth all the more touching and magnificent. It doesn't matter, either, that the great players don't think of baseball as I do, for instance. Why should they? It's enough for them to go after being great and then to be great—and then to be no longer able, as time goes by.

I'm devoted to the game, to all of the teams in both leagues and to the World Series, because I don't know of anything better of its kind to be devoted to—and it's always out there with that anonymous crowd of the hungry and faithful, watching and waiting, in the stadium—their eyes on the geometric design of the fresh diamond, all set

for the unfolding of another episode in the great drama, which cannot be put anywhere else—not into movies, not onto the stage, not even onto the television screen (although that's pretty good when you're held captive somewhere 3,000 miles away from the great place and the grand moment), not into books, and not even into statistics, although the game has grown on them.

It's a game—the biggest and best and most decent yet. The idea is to win the most games in the American or the National League, and then to go on and win the World Series; to establish a statistic, and lie it forever to the rag-tag experience of a whole people for a whole year.

I happen to be sorry Cincinnati didn't have the pitching, but they look awfully good for next year. It was great, too, the way Pittsburgh took off early in the season and then came back for a moment near the end and very nearly took the soul out of the Dodgers—but didn't, and that's the important thing as far as the Bums are concerned. I'm sorry, too, that Milwaukee got slugged by St. Louis, but you've got to like the Cardinals, too. You've got to like the game. No team is ever willing to stop caring. The fact is they can't, and there is the secret of the game's importance and appeal.

It is a tradition that the President throw out the first ball of the season, but somewhere in the bleachers the poets are asleep, too.

I don't think you'd get Casey Stengel in any arena of human activity other than baseball, and not getting him would be a national disaster, unbeknownst as it might be. Alston, too—another kind entirely. Bragan. Tebbetts. All of them. Fighting it out with their players and their fans, their friends and enemies, umpires and newspapermen but, most of all, facts and figures—statistics. You don't get Sandy Amaron, either, running in from left field as fast as he can go after an inning in which he dropped one he had caught—knowing it might cost the team the pennant. Knowing and waiting, and then hitting and saving the damned pennant, and then fielding and saving it, and then hitting and saving it again—knowing, saying nothing, on the theory (some say) that he doesn't speak much English. That could be it, all right, but there could be another theory, too, and the kids know it, and the old men and the old women know it, and the cab drivers and the cops and people in hospitals and penitentiaries and other lonely places. They don't know Sandy—but what he did, they know that. And it's a good thing to know. You wouldn't get Robinson, either—from the beginning. Or Williams, twice back from the wars, or the heroic return of Sal Maglie, and all the others, each made great and more deeply human than ever by the game.

Well, is it a game? Is that all it is? So the Dodgers win it again in 1956. So the Yanks win. So what? What good does that do the nation? What good does that do the world?

A little good. Quite a little.

And there's always next year, too.

(KKE)

PROS AWEIGH

by JAMES MURRAY

Professional football is off and barreling toward its finest season, so herewith some advice from a friend

IN LOS ANGELES 54,412 sun-soaked fans gurgled happily as the hometown Rams butted their way to a convincing 27-7 win over the Philadelphia Eagles. In Chicago 26,966 wondered whether Coach Paul Brown had got his dimes mixed as his Cleveland Browns, the best team in football, put on their exhibition game manners and were beaten 9-7 by one of the worst, the Chicago Cardinals.

At Baltimore the Colts kicked the Chicago Bears 28-21, and in Green Bay the Detroit Lions roared through the Packers 20-16. At Pittsburgh the Steelers blasted the Washington Redskins 30-13, and at San Francisco the New York Giants crashed the 49ers 38-21.

For the more than 2 million fans who prefer technical excellence to emotion and tradition in football, the season of 1956 was finally under way, and from all indications it will be a banner year for a sport which only 26 years ago was hard put to show a total season attendance of over 500,000. This year pro football looks forward confidently to its first 3 million year, and with 214,788 already in for the kickoff games and every team from the lovely Cardinals to the opulent Rams pointing to enormously increased preseason sales, the prediction seems conservative.

From the topey-turvy nature of the first game scores, which suggest a season as wide-open as a Klondike mining camp, it even seemed possible the stretch-games crowds would be limited only by stadium capacity—even at \$3.98 or thereabouts a seat. A pro football crowd may be like an operatic crowd—inclined to applaud only at superlativity and hypercritical of a false note. But it is an addiction not easily shaken. For the pros have brought the ancient and honorable sport of old Rutgers to its highest refinement—the players are the elite of sport, big but fast, nervous but cat-agile, burly but bright. To the hooked pro fan, comparing it with college ball is like comparing the Ballet Russe to the high school recital.

Yet it was not so long ago that pro football had something of the quality of a floating crap game with its own small following—a few high rollers but mostly a lot of last-chance characters shooting for the moon with their last C note. National Football League Commissioner Bert Bell alluded to this gaudy but insolvent past at last year's draft meeting when—surveying the roomful of honest, earnest young executives poring over draft lists as though they were *Standard* and *Poor* market analysts—he asserted:

"Look at 'em! Why, I can remember in this league when you choosed up sides, picked the roughest guys you could find and climbed into a bus to make the circuit. Where you saw a level piece of ground, you stopped the bus and practiced. If anybody showed up, you passed the hat."

There are still lingering vestiges of the old days. The tie in the winged collar sometimes comes loose, and the Hornburg tilts at a rakish angle.

There is, for instance, the business of exhibition games. The pros play five to seven of them apiece prior to a regular season of 12 games. This is a little like the New York Yankees showing up at the Stadium in mid-February for a 50-game spring training schedule—at midseason prices.

Most of these games, wisely enough, are played in places like Jacksonville and Little Rock and Portland, where some local charity benefits, but the exhibition schedule in pro football still partakes of the nature of a side show for the sucker trade. The teams often make their important revenue on them (Ram Owner Dan Reeves confided they make the difference between profit and loss) because they field a team which costs them only board, room and \$26 a week per man—or about what the pros got in the old days Bert Bell talks about.

The exhibition teams composed of unsigned rookies and unpaid regulars cannot be expected to put on the polished

continued on page 14

SPECTACLE

PHOTOGRAPHED BY HY PESKIN

BROWN'S MIGHTY BROWNS

NO coach in professional football has had the success of Paul Brown. In the 16 years since he put the Cleveland Browns together he has won a divisional championship each year, lost only three playoffs for the world championship. The Browns have won crushing victories in the last two pro title games. In each of the 10 years the quarterback who engineered the victories was Otto Graham, now retired. So this

season pro fans will find the answer to a question that ranks with the enigma of the chicken and the egg, namely, who was the real author of the saga of the Browns—Coach Brown or Quarterback Graham? If Brown's new quarterback, George Ratterman, who has been electronically rigged so he can take orders from the addition (see page 84), can make the Browns' attack click as of old, then Coach Brown's artistry

event remains undigested. Otherwise, as the magnificent color closings of pro football on the following pages show in awesome detail, Brown has few worries. His tactics games with single-minded purpose, as witness the flight of a San Francisco back from the attention of two of them on the page opposite. The line? Hard as obduracy, impenetrable as a thorn hedge, it twice turns back the 49ers and jabs them into fumbles.





Massive men like Don Colo (70) ignore illegal holding to turn back 49er thrust (above)





Cleveland's immovable defenders, pros' best, still present no chinks as 49ers try again





Rare fumble brings melee as 263-pound 49er Bob Toneff flips. End Harry Babcock gets ball

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

THE NATIONAL LEAGUE'S HOT FINISH • FROM SPIKES TO CLEATS IN
THE CUB SCOUT SET • ROGER, OVER AND TOUCHDOWN IN CLEVELAND
• MALLARDS AT 8 O'CLOCK, LOW • MISTER GUS AND OTHERS MOVE UP

RACE WELL RUN

WATCHING the National League pennant race was a little like watching a fast game of tennis: heads swung from Braves to Dodgers and back in a steady, hypnotic rhythm that had the whole country spellbound. If Milwaukee had played baseball in September as well as the sixth-place Giants played it (17 won, 18 lost; .567) the Braves would have won the pennant. But Milwaukee didn't (14 won, 13 lost; .519). In the same period Brooklyn, with many a creek and rattle, did very well indeed (18 won, 10 lost; .645).

Down in St. Louis, the Cardinals' efficient two-out-of-three clobbering of the Braves was a triumph of craftsmanship over self-interest. As fourth-place finishers, St. Louis players stood to profit more from Series receipts in Milwaukee's County Stadium (capacity 48,117) than in Brooklyn's Ebbets Field (capacity 32,111).

But such matters are only for the connoisseurs of statistics. For those to whom baseball is pure excitement, the last week of the pennant race offered plenty: Maglie's no-hitter capped by yet another victory; Amoros' dropped fly redeemed by three subsequent homers. In St. Louis, the Saturday-night dead heat into extra innings was a classic of tension, too. All things considered, the country needed a pre-World Series rest almost as much as the aging, tired, triumphant Brooklyn Dodgers.

MILDRED ZAHARIAS

IN THE LAST WEEKS of her life, at the end of a three-year struggle against cancer, Mildred Didrikson Zaharias weighed less than 90 pounds. Doctors

described her condition as cachectic, which meant that her weakness had reached the stage where life could hardly continue. They found no medical term for her courage, though; the best they could do was to depart one day from the dry formula of hospital bulletins and pay her a doctor's tribute: "She is one of the world's indomitable spirits."

And Mrs. Zaharias went serenely from day to day proving that this was so. A month ago she planned and gave—and enjoyed—a birthday party for her sister. A few days later she announced, "I am going to win this battle yet. I am determined to get up from this bed."

Tributes from all over the world came to John Sealy Hospital in Galveston, sent by the friends she made

everywhere throughout her extraordinary life. (For an account of that life, see page 66.) Honors and awards, telegrams, phone calls, visits, flowers and gifts kept pouring in. When she died, Mildred Zaharias had seen, as perhaps no other public figure of her time had ever seen, an overwhelming evidence of the world's affection and respect.

SEASONAL SHIFT

IN THE ATTENDANCE of Joseph Skokan, 12, of Valley Stream, Long Island, two baseballs are on display. Both of them are shellacked, and under the shellac are the autographs of Joe's teammates, coaches, family and various friends. The balls were used in the

continued on next page

A NEW KIND OF ALL-AMERICA An Announcement

SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is interested in Americans not only as sportsmen, but also as citizens; not only in their most active years, but throughout their lives. From this interest has come a decision to select each year an honor group of athletes unlike any other: the Silver Anniversary All-America.

The method is simple: SPORTS ILLUSTRATED is asking American colleges to nominate a senior letterman of the 1981 football season as a candidate, in 1988, for Silver Anniversary recognition. With the assistance of a panel of distinguished Americans, the magazine will then choose the Silver Anniversary All-America.

The men recognized need not have been All-Americans in college—though some who were may well be chosen. Primarily they should be those who, 35 years later, have made the most distinguished records in their chosen fields and in their communities. Their names will be announced in a late fall issue as men who have done high honor to their colleges, to their communities and to the world of sport.

continued from page 22

two no-hit games Joe has pitched in the Valley Stream Mail Baseball League.

On a chair across the room is football equipment of a size to fit a 166-pound quarterback. It includes sneakers with rubber cleats, shoulder pads and plastic face guard. The 166-pound quarterback that it fits, of course, is Joe. Like several million of his contemporaries, Joe is making the seasonal shift from baseball to football.

The parents of ten- to twelve-year-old boys find this change has some unexpected side effects. Joe's mother, for



instance, has to learn a new vocabulary. "When he first started playing baseball, I didn't even know what an error was. He would tell me about something that happened around second base and I would say, 'Was that bad?' and he would be shocked. So I learned about baseball. Now it's football, and I'm starting pretty much at the beginning again."

Mr. Skokan, who is a Yankee fan, works for the Speery Gyroscope Co. He used to come home on summer afternoons and find his son waiting for him with a catcher's mitt, and there would be pitching practice in the driveway. That is over now, of course, which is fortunate, as it gives Mr. Skokan a few spare moments in which to teach his wife the elements of midget football.

The team Joe plays on is called the Green Dragons. It belongs to the Pop Warner Football Conference, an organization which has firm rules about the ages and weights of players and a forthright approach to their enthusiasms and needs. In a booklet called *Midget Football Fundamentals* which the conference puts out there is a list of training hints. One of them reads, "Don't drink too much milk at the noon meal (before practice)."

A Green Dragon must weigh between 80 and 108 pounds. Three weeks ago Joe Skokan was five pounds over the limit and announced that he was going on a diet. "It was amazing," his mother relates. "Ice cream just stayed on the plate." (Joe has two ten-year sisters but their combined ice cream and cookie consumption is only a fraction of his normal, nondieting input.) The ordeal ended last Saturday when the

new quarterback weighed in at 195, two pounds under the limit. The night before, just to make sure, Joe had limited himself to a cup of broth for dinner and a pear at bedtime.

Mrs. Skokan finds that setting a training table for a 12-year-old athlete is no great problem, unless you want to consider sheer quantity a problem. Joe drinks two quarts of milk a day, for example, spaced out so that he doesn't get too much of it at the noon meal, before practice. He skips potatoes because the conference rules allow a weight gain of only a few pounds during the season. With a view to making sure that this gain is pure muscle, he recently spent \$18 in lawn-mowing money for a set of junior-grade weights, which he lifts morning and night.

The Skokan family, like families everywhere, has adjusted to the new practice schedules, game times and conventional ground rules with no trouble and only an occasional moment of pure astonishment at what their 12-year-old is up to now. There is just one thing, Joe's mother says, though she doesn't really mean to complain. Is the summer the baseball uniform could go through the washing machine with the week's laundry. Now she is learning to remove the pads from football pants before washing them and the jersey by hand.

12-MAN HUDDLE

THE FCC REQUIRES all radio stations to broadcast their call numbers from time to time. According to the rules, therefore, Paul Brown, coach of the Cleveland Browns, must pick up the microphone of his four-watt transmitter sometime during pregame warmups and announce to George

Hatterman, his quarterback and only listener: "This is Station 19A1661." For the Browns' four-watt is licensed by the FCC, and 19A1661 is its call number. The station operates in the Citizens' Band, the same portion of the spectrum (469 to 470 megacycles) used by people who open their garage doors by remote control from their cars.

Hatterman can hear Brown's instructions but cannot reply, for he is not wired to transmit. A receiver which weighs less than a pound is embedded in various parts of his football helmet, with a tiny earphone in the left earpiece. The contraption was built by a Cleveland resident named George A. Saries, in his basement workshop. Saries has applied for patents, set lawyers to work arranging for the manufacture of the device and has begun to receive inquiries from colleges and pro teams.

Actually, the colleges are wasting their time. Fritz Crisler of the University of Michigan, who is chairman of the football rules committee of the NCAA, points to Rule 9, Section 3, which deals with unsportsmanlike conduct and specifies, "There shall be no coaching from the sidelines." In college football, the 12-man huddle is out.

But Coach Paul Brown's gadget is a lively frontier for the pros. The Chicago Cardinals dealt the Browns a surprise—and a defeat, 9-7—Sunday when they fielded not one but several radio-equipped players. The Cardinals made it with three field goals, though, which wouldn't seem to be traceable to electronic improvements.

The idea of gridiron radio seems to appeal to everybody. The irrelevant have asked if time out will be allowed for changing tubes, or if jamming and signal interception by rival coaches will come into vogue. Realists familiar with professional football predict that broadcasts will be jammed in the most direct way, with a kick applied to the quarterback's head. Visionaries speculate on ideological warfare (eventually) among the colleges, with Radio Free Notre Dame beaming appeals through the Gridiron Curtain to the subjects of a rival power.

But while others play with Mr. Saries's idea, the Cleveland Browns are working with it. Soon Coach Brown expects to hook up on shortwave with his observers high in the stadium (now available to him only on a telephone circuit), so that he can handle incoming intelligence and outgoing operational orders on the same wave length.

This suggests that the coach may eventually be replaced by a complex

continued on page 28



SHOE-STRING SONG

Lizeman made a shoe-string tackle:
Ended up in a debacle;
Though the tackler got the shoe
Harfoot halfback ran right through.

—HARVEY CARTER



"It's the Gillette people, and they sound sore as hell."

EVENTS & DISCOVERIES

continued from page E1

super-electronic gadget located on the 58-yard line. Spotters will feed coded information into the coach gadget from on high, and it will emit instantaneous decisions—also in code—to the quarterback. Still, the coach needn't fear technological unemployment. He will have to take over at half time, to make the locker room speech.

INDIVIDUALIST

IT WOULD BE DIFFICULT to say just what got into the heads of a flight of mallards which began buzzing the skating rink at Sun Valley, Idaho the other day—unless they had seen jet planes making carrier landings somewhere along their route and wanted to try the stunt themselves. Through the rectangle of ice was dotted with skaters, the ducks came whistling resolutely in out of the sun, lowered their flaps, cut their engines and quacked loudly for a clear flight deck before gunning skyward at the last second. They made two more passes, but, though the humans involved had all taken cover by the time they settled down for the



third time, their flight leader apparently decided that the game just wasn't worth the glory.

The flight pulled off—all but one intrepid fellow who just couldn't seem

to resist the fascination of the moment. He gritted his bill, lowered his undercarriage and made a perfect landing. But—oops—no arresting gear! He skidded the length of the rink and fetched up against the barrier with an awful thud. His embarrassment had only begun. Since there were no skates his size and no catapult capable of getting him airborne, he had to try running on the slippery ice in an attempt to get flying speed. He took six runs before he finally made it.

After he joined up again, the ducks landed conventionally at a small lake near by. There seemed to be an awful fuss going on after they got down—it was hard to decide whether the fuss was being decorated for valor above and beyond the call of duty or being drummed out of the squadron for breaking formation. But one way or another he acted as though his feet needed a retread job.

CALL THEM MISTER

ONE of the reasons that horse racing enjoys such universal appeal is that form runs true only about one-third of the time. Three pretty good examples of this phenomenon took place at Belmont Park last week and, although this sort of thing takes place every day at every track in America, specific mention is made here of the Belmont happenings because they show to a certain degree why the wind-up of a racing season can be the most unpredictable and therefore exciting phase of the whole year.

Earlier this summer, just to back-track for a moment, nearly everybody

figured the 2-year-old championship would develop into a nifty little duel between Bold Ruler and King Hairan, with some possible competition from the likes of Cohoon, California Kid and Greek Gams. So what happened at Belmont last week? When Greek Gams, the sensation of the Chicago season, hooked up for the first time with Bold Ruler, they were both soundly whipped by Lt. Whitney Lunn's Nashville. Five days later Greek Gams gave it another try, this time against the Hopedul winner, King Hairan, the pride of Florida, in the six-and-a-half furlong Cowdin. Once again form went out the window as King Hairan finished fourth, Greek Gams dead last behind a Canadian invader by the name of Mister Five. All this pointed up an obvious fact: next week's Futurity and the not-too-far-off Garden State might be two of the most wide-open and thrilling races of 1966. Bold Ruler cannot be dismissed, but some new names to remember during the immediate weeks ahead are names of what the trade calls late developers. Some of them sound like this: Prince Khalid, Iron Liege, Miquelet and Special Look. And Nashville just might be the best of the lot.

Nobody gave too much advance thought to the four-horse Woodward Stakes at Belmont last week; it was a foregone conclusion that Nashua would walk all over his chief rivals, Mister Gus and Jet Action, when all of them shouldered equal weight of 126 pounds for the mile-and-a-quarter run. Well, Nashua just wasn't up to it. It may have been that he was suffering from what Bill Corum called a middle-age spread, or from an occasional habit to run, as Eddie Arcaro puts it, "like a common sloth," but in any case, Mister Gus licked him fair and square by two and a half lengths in the madcap time of 2:03. Mister Gus, by any and all standards, deserves a pat on his bay backside for being the year's most underrated horse. After spending a good part of the season in California, first chasing Bobby Brocade and later Swaps, the horse shipped to Chicago to win the Arlington Handicap before coming to Belmont by way of two races in Atlantic City. He'll now stick around for next week's two-mile Jockey Club Gold Cup where he'll get another crack at Nashua if the champ isn't permanently retired before then. "Mister Gus is ready for Nashua or anybody else," says Owner Lt. Lunn. "He's a pistol, he is. He's my favorite, and I wouldn't trade him for Nashua or Swaps. What's more—he's got guts."

CURRENT WEEK & WHAT'S AHEAD

Indianapolis Sweep

The Indianapolis Indians of the American Association took the Little World Series in four straight games from the Rochester Red Wings of the International League. Indian Manager Kerby Farrell, a pennant winner in three leagues, is being mentioned as possible successor to Al Lopez in Cleveland.

Blind Love in Kansas City

Kansas City and surrounding territory, smitten deeply with major league baseball, produced over a million paid admissions at Municipal Stadium though the Athletics have wallowed in last place since June 28.

Raw Ingenuity in Baltimore

In Baltimore, attendance wound up at a creditable \$68,068 plus, but the \$68,068 mark was passed, as a raw day, thanks to the determined ingenuity of gamblers who bought up \$2,000 worth of last-day tickets, used kids through turnstiles reportedly with them, won \$29,066 in bets.

Personal Appearance

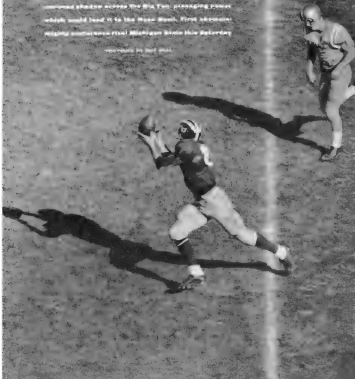
Swaps is again set to run on an eastern track, in the \$100,000 Washington International at Laurel, Md. Nov. 12 ("Barring unforeseen mishaps," *Minchick Tenney adds*). Also expected are France's Missy, Australia's Prince Cornwall, Nashua, Swaps's old rival, would have been invited but will probably be ordered to stand after the Jockey Club Gold Cup on Oct. 13.

THE WONDERFUL WORLD OF SPORT

SHADOW OF THINGS TO COME

Michigan, led by All-American End Ron Kramer, who got behind Sam Long to pull to left, overthrew head (below), catching WFLA 45-43 and, just as long, had continued shadow runner for the first, promising power which could lead it to the Rose Bowl. First downer, Miami countered first Michigan drive this Saturday

continues to last 1961.



WONDERFUL WORLD continued

AND THE ORGAN PLAYED 'QUE



SERA, SERA'

"Whiskey 'n' me, 'n' ya" is the English of a popular song which the beleaguered anguished player at St. Louis on the beleaguered Braves struggled to the locker room in Wrigley stadium after losing the pennant. The optimism of the year song was reflected in the number announcements of the beleaguered Braves as they slightly more sang after their Friday night 5-4 defeat by the prideful Cardinals.

FOOTBALL BY MICHAEL JONES



FOOTBALL: SECOND WEEK

Form, they say, will tell, but it has rarely told as consistently as it did last week when the favorites everywhere made the experts worthy of their name

MICHIGAN STATE 21 STANFORD 7

THE FIRST HALF was no pretty a contest as you would want to see. As advertised, it was Michigan State's multiple offense against Stanford's aerial gymnastics. First Michigan State crushed 65 yards in 14 plays and led 7-0 after 11 minutes of the first quarter. Then Stanford retaliated with 65 yards in 18 plays, including six completed passes and two runs when Quarterback John Brodie was unable to get the ball away. And so, after eight minutes of the second quarter it was 7-7, and thus it stayed until half time.

The second half was a different story altogether. Brodie, who had been stunned by some hard tackling late in the first half, was missing from the Stanford lineup. For that matter, Walt Kowalskyk, State's star left halfback who had broken a bone in his ankle during practice, was also out of the game. State fitted Substitute Dennis Mendyk smoothly into its multiple offense, but Stanford had no adequate replacement for Brodie. The Michigan team took the second-half kickoff, ground slowly for 68 yards against a furiously hitting Stanford defense. The deliberate march averaged only 3.7 yards per try and used up nine minutes 32 seconds. Finally, Fullback Don Gilbert dived a foot for the score. Stanford needed a Brodie here to get the touchdown back, but Reserve Quarterback Jack Douglas was no Brodie this day. Starting from the 18 after the kickoff, Douglas and Right Halfback Gordy Young crossed up a handoff and 225-pound Guard Ellison Kelly recovered for the Spartans on the Indian 18. It was easy from there. The State team punched six times at the Stanford line, with Jim Wulff going two yards over left guard for the ultimate touchdown. —ART ROSENBERG

TENNESSEE 35 AUBURN 7

WITHOUT Johnny Majors, Tennessee is a middling good football team. With him, the Volunteers are a very real threat to Georgia Tech and Mississippi in the race for the Southeast Conference championship. As Coach Bowden Wyatt's men blasted humbling Auburn 35-7 before 44,000 shirt-sleeved witnesses in Birmingham's Legion Field last Saturday, Majors was the whole show.

Playing only half the game, the talented triple-threat tailback accounted for half of Tennessee's net yardage. He ran for a total of 48 yards and one touchdown; passed for 118 and two other scores, completing eight of 11 throws.

But Johnny had some help too in this unexpectedly lopsided game. His line, though outweighed 18 pounds per man, opened up good holes in the Auburn defense by trapping the guards effectively. End Buddy Cruise was a deadly blocker and wily pass catcher, snagging Majors' soft flares with defenders swarming all over him. On defense, Cruise spent most of the day in the Auburn backfield, along with Tackle John Gordy.

A Majors-Cruise pass led to the first score, with Majors hurdling the line for the final yard. With three minutes left in the half, Majors crossed Auburn beautifully. Facing a fourth-down-and-one situation on the Auburn 34, Johnny whipped a pass deep to Cruise, who outprinted the amazed secondary to score. With 25 seconds to go before half time, Majors threw seven yards to End Ed Cantrell, after Gordy had grabbed an Auburn fumble. Speedy Fullback Tom Bronson twisted a final yard to a touchdown in the third period to make it 28-0 after Majors had set up the score. —LEE GRIGGS

THE ELEVEN BEST TO DATE

Georgia Tech
Miami
Michigan State
Michigan
Mississippi
Ohio State

Oklahoma
Southern California
Pittsburgh
Tennessee
Texas Christian

BIOPERSE: DUFFY DAUGHERTY



COACH DAUGHERTY

AT FORTY-ONE, Michigan State's Hugh Duffy Daugherty is a coach in the Knute Rockne mold. . . . Like Rockne, Daugherty has a big grin, a gift for story-telling and an impressive habit of winning. . . . Duffy grew up in Barnesboro, Pa. and football was drilled into him early. . . . He likes to tell about his father, who started out as a coal miner and played quarterback on several college teams. "We used to practice ear knocking," the elder Daugherty sternly taught his son, "by driving over a coal cart after a suit. If we didn't get hold of both hind legs we weren't any good." . . . Duffy worked in a shirt factory, later in the mines; not until he was 21 was he able to enter Syracuse, where he starred

in the line. . . . After time out for World War II (including 27 months in New Guinea and a Bronze Star) Daugherty hooked up with his old Syracuse line coach, Biggy Mann, succeeded Biggy at Michigan State two seasons ago. . . . A seemingly relaxed figure during a game, given to snarling apples on the bench, Duffy is an exacting perfectionist in drills. "Growl at 'em!" he commands his linemen. After a practice that fails to satisfy him, he tells them: "Now we're going to run you, run you, run you." And up and down the field his players go, in gasping wind sprints, while Duffy cries, "Dig it! Dig it! Dig it!" . . . Two kind of training paid off for Michigan State in their 8-1 season last year, culminated by victory in the Rose Bowl last January when Dave Kaiser, a junior end, placed kicked a 43-yard field goal with seven seconds to go. . . . Kaiser showed up for practice this fall justifiably excited to team admiration.

Duffy asked where his boy didn't lose perspective. "Golden Toe," Duffy asked him. "Hey, Golden Toe, you think you can hold on to a pass?"

SOUTHERN METHODIST 7

YOU COULD hear the ticks out there tonight," drawled Georgia Tech Coach Bobby Dodd, affable and satisfied with his team's 9-7 win over the rambunctious Mustangs in the Cotton Bowl last Saturday. "I know they'd be up for this one. All week long, I've been telling our boys they'd have to play 80% better than they did against Kentucky, or they'd get licked."

It was Tech's tremendous team speed, especially in getting five blockers (three backs and two guards) ahead of the ball carrier on wide sweeps, that gave the Rambling Wrack the edge. They were off to an early lead when Guard Don Miller crashed through to block an SMU punt for a safety. They put together a drive in the third quarter which ground out 72 yards in 10 plays, featuring a 32-yard burst on one of those potent wide sweeps by Thompson—who at 5 foot 1½ inches was the smallest man on the field—which set up his score a moment later from the four-yard line. Their line—led by Miller, Tackle Ormand Anderson and Guard Allen Ecker—jammed the Mustang middle. Quarterback Wade Mitchell, in addition to superlative defensive work and a cool command of the game, set up many good gains with the kind of rebounding blocks that could get him drummed out of the T quarterbacks' union.

This SMU team should surprise nobody from here on. The line is big, fast and tough; they gave as good as they got against Tech's veterans. The backs are fast, skilful and elusive, although lacking in power. Arnold has developed into a resourceful leader and a devastating passer. It is hard to explain, concedes Coach Woody Woodard, how it all happened at once. He shrugs off questions with a grin: "Just a green bunch of kids, who want to play good real bad, and have come along fast." —WILLIAM C. RAPPLEYE



OKLAHOMA 36

NORTH CAROLINA 0

O'Neal (11) leaves a path of destruction in his wake as he crosses goal line for Oklahoma's first touchdown in the second period at Norman. Unmolested except by Fullback Desmit Morris (21) who came up to block after O'Neal had taken a lateral from Dave Baker and scooted around the left end. Play carried 13 yards, was first of three Oklahoma touchdowns in the quarter.

Oklahoma opened North Carolina in its first 1948 outing for their 31st straight win since 1923. Sooner Quarterback Jay

SYRACUSE 7

THOSE DAMNED Syracuse line coach, corrected a reporter gently Friday afternoon as the team loosened up on the thick grass of Pitt Stadium. The reporter had referred to the short side of Syracuse's unbalanced line as the "weak" side. "Call it the short side," said Dailey, who learned his football as an end on one of Jack Sutherland's old Pitt single wing powerhouses. "That's what Jack called it. It's not weak." Syracuse's short side attack off the split-T accounted in large measure for its upset of Maryland (29-12) in its opening game a fortnight ago.

John Michalsen, the Pitt coach, learned his football under Sutherland, too. It was clear last Saturday afternoon that he had not underestimated the power of Syracuse to the short side. The Pitt defense was deployed with a concentration of manpower on the flanks. The center of the line was left to the resources of a holly trio of Middle Guard Ron Kiesel (329) and Tackles Jim McCusker (245) and Herman Candi (328). Syracuse finally sent their big Jim Brown up the middle, but too late.

Pitt, blocking with the power of a single wing team and passing with sparing wisdom, won 14-7. Jim Theodora, a 179-pound junior halfback, followed some mighty precise blocking for 81 yards in 11 carries, gaining 35 of the 39-yard march for Pitt's first touchdown, scored by Corey Salvaterra on a quarterback sneak; for the clincher, Darrell Lewis, a left-handed passer, hit the celebrated end, Joe Walton, with a 19-yard scoring pass. The Syracuse touchdown came when Ed Coffa intercepted a Lewis pass with a fine one-handed stab, returned 55 yards for a touchdown behind End Dick Lasse's take-out block on Lewis. All in all, a tight well-played ball game that moved Pitt over the second hurdle on its imposing schedule. —TEX MAULIS



IOWA 27

INDIANA 0

They have been studying under Coach Forest Bruchardt. A bit nipped at times, Iowa still retained ball control throughout much of the game and gained 282 yards on the ground. Here Halfback Bill Haged (44) picks up four yards behind Guard Frank Bloomquist (54), while Halfback Don Dobson takes out Indiana's Delcor Quisen with a "holding" block that could be called "holding."

In the lone Big Ten curtain raiser, Iowa's Hawkeyes displayed their brand-new offense—a balanced-line wing T.

AROUND THE COUNTRY

by DON PARKER

WITH ALL the major teams now in action, national rankings began to come into clearer focus. The big three of the Big Ten—Michigan State, Michigan and Ohio State—were on exhibition for the first time; so was Oklahoma. After the way they performed against extraterrestrial opposition, there could be no doubt but that they proved the merit of those prophets who had picked them to lead the national rankings. Georgia Tech, another early favorite, was again on the winners' list, but again not as impressively as might have been expected. Still, with the season so young, form was beginning to tell. It confirmed the suspicion that Tennessee, under perfectionist Bowen Wyatt, is a power to be recognized; that Mississippi is indeed a true southern giant, not just a Gulliver. Pittsburgh's Panthers alone lived up to the great expectations of the East.

THE EAST

ALL THE GIANTS of eastern football stopped enroute last Saturday and, when they put on their armor, some of them looked like mighty savanny giants.

Mighty Yale, heavily favored to tie with little Connecticut, staggered from the field at half time like a pokéed bull on the short end of a 14-6 score. Coach Jordan Oliver got his reeling giant back on its feet for two third-period touchdowns and a 19-14 win but, even so, Connecticut was on Yale's three-yard line as the game ended.

Army, yet another supposed bully boy, showed dangerous cracks in its armor in beating VMI 32-12 at West Point. The Black Knights swept to two quick first-period touchdowns and then were taken aback as the Virginians punched across two of their own, slicker and quicker. This dispirited Army's reputation turned Coach Earl Black to use his first unit for most of the game, and the win was costly. Gene Mikolakis, Black's "best back," suffered a torn knee ligament and will be out for the rest of the season.

Culpeper mauled Cornell 34-6, showing no respect for the Big Red's No. 2 Ivy League rating, while Pittsburgh capped Syracuse 14-7 in a battle for the East's No. 1 rating. Navy used its entire team (38 players) to rip Williams and Mary 28-14. The Middle reserves rose to the occasion by outscoring the first team 28-19.

Penn State extended Pennsylvania's losing streak to 19 games (longest in the country among major colleges) with a 36-0 win at Franklin Field. The Nittany Line offense was varied (three touchdowns by ground, two by air) and should provide a tough test for Army next week.

Williams unleashed a lusty running attack that broke Trinity's 15-game winning streak 46-7 and set the Ephraim up as Little Three title favorite. Williams sophomorees, up from last year's spectacular freshman squad, made the difference. Other scores:

Brown 20, Columbia 9 Union 12, New York 6
Dartmouth 12, New Hampshire 9 Miami 49, Wake Forest 12
Princeton 21, Rutgers 8 Stanford 28, Washington 10
Yale 19, Cornell 6 Stanford 28, Auburn 10
Columbia 19, Lehigh 9 Maryland 11, West Virginia 6

THE SOUTH

THERE WASN'T a lot around the Southeast Conference: Beware Ole Miss. In Memphis on Saturday night Mississippi showed even more strength than had been expected. Experts had rated the Rebs near the top of the conference but largely because they play only Tennessee among the best of the SEC, skipping Georgia Tech and Auburn. The way Ole Miss took Kentucky apart (37-6), however, shows that Mississippi is ready for anyone. The Rebs ran, passed and kicked with a finesse and fluency that far eclipsed Georgia Tech's showing against this same Kentucky team a week ago. Only Tennessee, 35-7 conqueror of Auburn, looks like a possible road block to a clean league record.

The Southeast's two Louisiana entries showed unexpected strength in dropping close decisions to Southwest Conference teams. A poor Tulane past set up Texas for its only score of the day, and the Longhorns had to hang on grimly to edge the Green Wave 7-6 at New Orleans. Texas A&M, the recipient of a questionable pass completion call on the enemy's 12-yard line, went on to score its lone touchdown and edge LSU 9-6.

The toothless Georgia Bulldogs, still without a touchdown in two games, were outplayed by Florida State, had to rely on a 25-yard field goal by Ken Copper, a third-stringer, in the last 34 seconds for a 3-0 victory.

Vanderbilt simply had too much for little Chattanooga, scored four times in the first quarter and breezed to a 46-7 win in which third-stringers saw plenty of action.

Quarterback Charlie Bamey led Clemson three times against the clock in the final three minutes to gain a 20-20 tie with Florida in a wild, wide-open game at Gainesville. Trying for the extra point that would win the game, the Tigers could not find the kicking toe and were assessed five yards for delay of the game. Then, when Hobace Turberville booted the point anyway, Clemson was caught holding and penalized another 16 yards. This time Turberville, kicking from nearly 30 yards out, missed.

In other southern games, Virginia Tech fought its neighborly spirit in the Good Neighbor Bowl at Norfolk, Va., landing North Carolina State an unexpected 22-6 thrashing. West Virginia stayed with Minnesota 20-6; George Washington had more trouble than expected in downing Furman 19-0, and The Citadel surprised everyone with a decisive 36-7 win over Davidson.

In a Friday night game Fullback Don Bussler was the big show, going 47 yards in 22 carries as Miami opened with a 14-6 victory over South Carolina, last week's surprise winner over Duke.

Babe, meanwhile, still seeking for the speed, took it out on hapless Virginia 45-7. The Blue Devils scored twice on interceptions, three times on passes and once rushing. The Cavaliers penetrated Blue Devil territory only once, and then for their lone score, in the third period. For Virginia Coach Ben Martin it was more than a last ball game. His first-string quarterback, Bruce Whitley, broke an arm and will be out for the rest of the season.

Maryland edged Wake Forest 6-0 in a game that proved—if nothing else—that the once-terrible Terrapin offense has turned neck turtle.

THE MIDWEST

IT WAS THE only Big Ten game so far, Iowa took advantage of a pass interception and an Indiana fumble for its first two scores and then proved it knew its new offense—run from the T formation with a wing back and a balanced line by marching 82 yards in 12 plays and 69 in 15 to beat the Hoosiers 27-9 in the Big Ten opener. Indiana, which had been delayed in its practice preparations when one of the players came down with polio and the rest were required to take Ralx vaccine shots, was obviously handicapped.

In nonconference openers, Illinois came alive in the third quarter after trailing 20-6 at the half, scored four times in less than seven minutes to take the lead from California, finally chalked up a 20-28 win.

Wisconsin finally contained an undermanned Marquette squad 41-0, while Northwestern snugged a nine-game winless streak 14-13 at the expense of Iowa State of the Big Seven.

Olive State, ineligible for the Rose Bowl because of irregularities in its player-aid program, gave its Big Ten neighbors food for thought by romping over the Big Seven's Nebraska 34-7 before a record crowd of 82,353.

Kansas was effective in stopping sophomore sensation Dick Bass and then held College of the Pacific to a 27-23 tie. Bass was held to 89 yards in 16 carries, an average

of 3.1 yards. Last week he averaged 16.2 yards and scored twice.

Colorado took advantage of Kansas' mistakes to push across three third-period touchdowns for a 34-0 win. Sophomore halfback Howard Cook set up one touchdown with a pass interception, passed for 57- and 14-yard scores and once quick-kicked 80 yards. Other scores:

Michigan 41, UCLA 13
Minnesota 8, Detroit 7
Rice (Tex.) 34, Texas 7

Texas 25, Ohio U. 13
Olemiss 3, Tulsa 0
Purdue 16, Missouri 7

THE SOUTHWEST

AFTER LOSING their first game, Coach Jim Tatum and his North Carolina Tar Heels went west, and this time **Oklahoma** was the headstrong punch. The bruising Sooners, who scored three touchdowns within four minutes during the second quarter, coasted to their 31st straight victory 34-0. Williamson won his entire team into the game—61 players in all—in a show of strength and depth well beyond that of any other college team. Oklahoma gained 588 yards rushing, showed no signs of tiring, held on the mythical national championship.

Arkansas turned to the long game to dump **Oklahoma A&M** 19-7 in a nonconference tilt. Rogers Overbay set up the first Razorback score with a 46-yard run, then passed to End Teddy Souter for 41 yards to set up another. Quarterback Don Christensen nailed halfback Ronnie Underwood with a 67-yard pass for the third TD.

The long play was also common in **Boiler's** easy 27-0 win over **Texas Tech**. Bear Quarterback Doyle Taylor passed 30 and 22 yards for touchdowns, and Fullback Larry Hiekman went 46 for another to lead the Red Raiders their second loss of the season.

Houston, fast growing into one of the better football towns in pigskinhappy Texas, drew 23,000 fans to its 18-7 victory over **Mississippi State**. Don Flynn, Cougar quarterback, passed for two touchdowns.

Art Luggins gained 45 yards and scored twice, though used sparingly in **Arizona's** 60-0 whitewash of **South Dakota**. Luggins, with seven games to play, appears a cinch to beat Alan Ameche's all-time college-career rushing record of 3,212 yards this year. He needs only 92 to tie the former Wisconsin All-American. Other scores:

Texas West 10, Spokane 0-0 Cal. Poly 32, N. Mex. A&M 7
Wyo. Tech 30, Utah 40, San Jose 8 Georgia Tech 9, SMU 7

THE ROCKY MOUNTAINS

COACH PHIL DINKENS of Wyoming was emphatic, not grammatic, after his halfback, Jim Crawford, scored for two touchdowns—one of them a 71-yard career—in his beat **Denver** 27-6. "If that boy ain't All-American," roared Dinkens, "they ain't never been one." His exuberance was un-

derstandable. Crawford's pace-setting performance averaged a year-old defeat by Denver which cost Wyoming a tie for the 1962 Skyline Conference title. It also put the Cowboys on an even footing with Utah's big team in the 1956 Skyline championship battle. The wind-up was in calm contrast to last year's finish, when scores and fans staggered it out under the goal posts for 20 minutes after the game. Only fight this year was between two Cowboy fans arguing over which Wyoming player was best.

Utah piled up a 19-6 half-time lead over **Montana** and then coasted to a 26-12 win in another conference test. Doc Coach Jack Currie used his reserves in the second half and was pleased with their performance. **Colorado A&M**, defending Skyline champ, was held to a consolation tie by **Brigham Young**.

Back Shaw's **Air Force Academy Falcons** made an impressive debut against the **San Diego Flyers**. The fledglings won the West Coasters 46-6 with an all-sophomore team, although Shaw was using freshmen substitutes by the second period. San Diego, playing its first football game in history, was no match for the fierce Air Force men, which opened track-wide holes for the first Academy backs. Other scores:

Free Press 27, Utah 21-19 Idaho 21-19, San Diego 19-17

THE FAR WEST

THE FOOTBALL WEEKEND in the Far West gave clear evidence that the Pacific coast is steadily losing ground to its rivals in the Middle West. Four Coast Conference teams played Big Ten opponents, and the result was four shattering losses in which the Big Ten scored 129 points to a paltry 54 for the PCC. Most notable of these losses was **Stanford's** 21-7 bow to **Michigan State**. The Indians tried valiantly, succeeded for a while but just couldn't match State's deep reserves of power. **Minnesota**, by no means a power within its own conference, handed PCC dark horse **Washington** its first loss under new Coach

Darrell Royal 34-14. **California** could not hold an early 20-0 lead over **Illinois**, finally went down 32-35; and **Michigan** beat **UCLA** 42-13. In one of the only two conference games played last weekend, **Oregon State** forced a risky misadventure by **USC** team to pull out all the stops for a 21-13 victory. Southern Cal had looked almost like the Trojan of old the week before while overwhelming Texas, so Oregon State, which explained it most of the way, definitely confirmed its status as a contender for the doubtful privilege of playing punching bag for the Big Ten in the Rose Bowl.

In the other conference test **Idaho** threw a frightious **Oregon** before assembling 31-14. The Vandals tied the score at 14 all in the third period when they recovered a fumble deep in Oregon territory and Fullback Bill Boney pushed over from the 25. But Oregon came back, scored the clincher with less than five minutes remaining when Tom Crabtree obtained a long drive with a three-yard sprint around right end.

Washington State spotted **San Jose State** two first-period touchdowns before coming on for a 39-18 win, its first under new Coach Jim Sutherland. WSC Quarterback Renny Aldrich was at his peak as he hit 12 of 13 passes for 129 yards, while second-string Quarterback Bob Newman was nearly as effective connecting with six out of 12. The San Jose State loss came despite the unscheduled support of two pretty Spartan cheerleaders, Anna Reel, 28, and Barbara Dale, 19. The girls were stowaways on the plane chartered to fly the team to Pullman Friday. They went to the San Francisco airport to see the squad off and climbed aboard "on impulse."

"Nobody minded when we climbed aboard," said Anna. "The players didn't think we'd come, but I think they were glad we did." There was no comment from Coach Bob Brennan, but he is expected to be more alert later in the season. San Jose plays in Hawaii Nov. 26. Other scores:

Col. of Mary H. Pacific 17-7 Winthrop 26-0 Washington 8

PIGSKIN PANORAMA

STATUES stretched its scoring streak to 84 straight games but lost to Princeton; Oklahoma, leading North Carolina early, scored in its 107th game in a row.

TEBAL, one-point winner in four of its last eight victories, blotted another concussion to beat Tulsa 7-4 with a special play which shoots two backs through—one to decoy blocker, the other to slip by and block kick.

BIGGEST SATURDAY CROWD was the 82,168 who watched Ohio State open home season by crushing Nebraska; this was a record crowd for a Buckeye home opener, too.

BOOS on Rose Bowl contender Oregon State lengthened when Sam Weller, star back, was ruled ineligible; he had previously enrolled at Lincoln (Mo.) University.

BEHIND KNOX, the peripatetic quarterback, telling his story in Collier's, said he's led up with big-time college football; that if his baby brother Mastamoney, 21 months old, decided to play college ball, he would help send him to Harvard.

HICKMAN'S HUNCHES

For Games Of
Saturday, Oct. 6

• **Michigan vs. Michigan State.** Wolverine pack whup. Spartans 1-3 punch powerful, with Poole and Kawalec, but Kew's stride ailing. Could raise the difference. Nonetheless, **MICHIGAN STATE.**

• **Buckeye vs. Tennessee.** Split-T against single wing. Jugenauer vs. Majors. Defense will proliferate and breaks will decide. One vote for Vols to get the breaks. **TENNESSEE.**

• **TCU vs. Arkansas.** Rasterbacks rugged, could be spoiler in TV game of the week. Still, if you stick with the champion you can only be wrong once. **TEXAS CHRISTIAN.**

• **Army vs. Penn State.** Circumstances replicate of last year. Cadets rugged in open. Nitrary lines lashed Quakers. Closer, but **ARMY.**

• **Minnesota vs. Purdue.** Suspect this is Gopher year, but "Bottommakers" Len Dawson's aerial must be controlled. **MINNESOTA.**

• **Ohio State vs. Stanford.** Concoasts here. Indiana play most open game in the country. Badboys most conservative. Power over pass. **OHIO STATE.**

• **Wisconsin vs. Southern California.** Redmen beat Marquette early in opener but USC is loaded with fast backs and large linemen. **SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.**

• **Yale vs. Brown.** Building awakened after last Saturday's close call. Bruins showed class in Columbia win. However, **YALE.**

• **Notre Dame vs. Indiana.** Roadies hurt by injuries, sickness and lack of depth. Game is young Irish team has matured since SMU surprise. Really, **NOTRE DAME.**

• **Maryland vs. Baylor.** Terps have been early-season disappointments. Bears are unbeaten and better than 1955 edition. Maryland definitely not. **BAYLOR.**

ALSO:

Vanderbilt over Alabama
Pittsburgh over California
Mary over Cornell
Calgate over Holy Cross
Iowa over Oregon State
SMU over Missouri
Clemson over NC State
Oklahoma over Kansas State
Bartmouth over Penn
Purdue over Columbia
South Carolina over North Carolina
Texas A&M over Texas Tech
LSU over Rice
Miami over Boston College (Oct. 5)
Oregon over UCLA (Oct. 5)

Last week's hunches:

25 right, 0 wrong, 3 tie
Record to date: 42-7-1

HERMAN HICKMAN SAYS:

HAVING just returned from a West Coast football weekend, let me offer some impressions. These are not happy days for the Pacific Coast Conference, where the internal strife has reached unpleasant proportions. Nullification and secession is the slogan of the Southland. If either or both is



STANFORD spread opposing defense with pro-type flanker T, right half and left end split wide. Primarily for passing, it requires top quarterback and three fine receivers.

averted by the powers-that-be, then the reconstruction period is certain to be one of prolonged bitterness.

I saw USC and Oregon State play Friday night in the Coliseum at Los Angeles. At times the entire Trojan backfield of Frank Hall, Jon Arnett, C. R. Roberts and Den Hickman threatened to tear the game apart, but then the offense would spatter and revert to mediocrity. The Beavers presented a more cohesive offensive effort than USC over the 60-minute route. Their Tennessee-UCLA single-wing balanced-line attack was most effective, especially to the weak side on the wingback reverses. Two sophomores, Tailback Paul Lowe and Wingback Kameel Durden, promise better times for USC. The defense, led by heralded tackle John Witte, was strong straight ahead and quick to the flanks.

Stanford has one of the most interesting teams to watch in college football. They are pass-minded from start to finish. Their favorite alignment (see diagram) causes the defensive secondary to spread into a man-for-man pass coverage. Basic requirements for this setup are two ends and a halfback who can catch the ball and a pin-point throwing quarterback. The two remaining backs must be able to protect the passer against crushing ends, keep the interior linemen "horat" by the threat of the run, and catch the ball on delayed passes or quick swings. The Indiana have the necessary ingredients. John Brodie is an extraordinary performer at quarterback, and four fine receivers at end complement his throw-

ing, but his prime target is the faking halfback, Paul Carrera, to whom he will throw continuously if not covered closely. It was evident that the maze of Stanford pass patterns, coupled with the pose and faking by Brodie, made an airtight defense impossible.

Defensively, Coach Chuck Taylor's team are gamblers too. They will play four-man lines, five-man lines, seven-man lines, shoot linebackers and also "loose" right or left. I was much interested in watching the performance of Tackle Paul Wiggins and can report that he was the best lineman on the field. It was my good fortune to watch what might well be the country's two outstanding tacklers, Witte of Oregon State and Wiggins, both against superior opposition.

Just a word about Chuck Taylor. His approach to football is most refreshing, and its effect can be seen on the play of his teams in his six-year tenure at Palo Alto. Often the opposition has been overpowering, but he has never been heard to say that he didn't have a good chance to win. Even the most blatant optimist could be excused for being a little pessimistic with MSU and Ohio State scheduled on two successive weekends.

One bit of Michigan State trickery upset the Stanford defensive scheme a little. Instead of lining up unbalanced to the right, as usual, on the T, wing T and single wing, they varied their alignment by using an unbalanced T to the left (see diagram). This



MICHIGAN STATE put the Stanford defense scheme with an unbalanced T to left instead of customary unbalanced line to right. It forced the defense to circulate hurriedly.

unexpected move threw the Indiana completely out of kilter, and confusion resulted every time it was used.

Before closing I must apologize for not picking Clemson to tie Florida last week. No good prognosticator should miss such an obvious pick and wind up with only 24 wins and one tie out of 35 selections. I promise to do better this week. (CHW)



A NEW IDEA...

I.W. HARPER "Traveller"

with pint or half-pint sizes—at no extra cost!



...it's always
a pleasure!



Here is a wonderful way to carry your I. W. Harper Banded Bourbon in style—wherever you go. The "Traveller" is a handsome protective case, durable, flexible, with a finish like hammered gold. Opens easily, closes securely—fits any pocket, packs neatly in luggage. Ideal for gifts, too. Offered with pint or half-pints at no extra cost! The supply is limited.

I.W. HARPER
The Gold Medal Whiskey



BOTTLED IN BOND KENTUCKY STRAIGHT BOURBON

100 PROOF • DISTILLED AND BOTTLED BY I. W. HARPER DISTILLING CO., LOUISVILLE, KENTUCKY

Gabanaro—America's most popular sport shirt



Shirts, \$14.95, slacks, \$12.95



Arrow Gabanaro is worn by men who like their comfort with a bit of dash. Its feather-light rayon gabardine comes in over 20 colors, exclusively tailored with the newer Arrowfold Collar. "Banker's" for buying in. *Chert, Peabody & Co., Inc.*

ARROW 
CASUAL WEAR first in fashion

U.S. TENNIS IS BEING KILLED

Former World Champion Jack Kramer, now one of the game's greatest living authorities, serves up sundry highly explosive opinions

by WHITNEY TOWER



THE MAN WHO—one way or another—has dominated U.S. tennis since the end of World War II settled comfortably at a luncheon table in a Manhattan restaurant. "I can talk tennis as long as anybody is interested in listening," he said seriously. Jack Kramer, 35 and looking as fit and trim as the day in 1940 when he and Ted Schroeder won their first U.S. doubles title at Longwood, was serious, too.

"Sure, I've been criticized for sounding off with my views on tennis. First the big brass wanted me to help them with the junior Davis Cup squad. Then, when I made some remarks about income from playing tennis as an amateur they bounced me. Then they wanted me back, but I'm too busy now to give them a hand. But I still say I think I'm qualified to express some views on tennis. After all, it's always been my first love. Tennis has been good to me, and in return I like to think I have helped the game a little. So, sure, I have made money from tennis but I've tried to

build it up, too, everywhere I've been, here and abroad.

"Let's get this straight: I don't feel that the people in amateur tennis—meaning the top USLTA men—are wrong except in some of their judgment. Their basic approach of how to make tennis grow is wrong. Because 60% of the people who controlled tennis in the late '20s are still in command, their nearly unanimous opinion is this: keep the game the way it was in the good old days. Why, I'd like to know, keep grass is the dominating situation? Most grass courts are appalling, and tennis on them becomes not a test of skill but a game of chance in which the winner is the player who gets the best bounce. When probably less than half of one percent of all tennis in America is played on grass, doesn't it seem foolish to insist on playing our major championships on grass just because the old guard disallows any form of a change? Grass has never been the best test of

continued on next page

DAVIS CUP

The 1956 Davis Cup Internationals with Italy which was played at Forest Hills, N.Y. last weekend produced only brief flashes of exciting tennis as the American players, Victor Seixas and Hamilton Richardson, won the first three out of five matches, with the loss of but one set. The Italians, Nicola Pietrangeli and Orlando Sirola, were disappointing, and only during the first set of the doubles match on Sunday did they display the type of game which carried them successfully through the European zone playoffs.

Neither Seixas nor Richardson played brilliantly but, then, neither had to. There had been considerable anxiety as to the

condition of Richardson's injured right foot, but he appeared sound as he swept Pietrangeli aside with ease. Seixas, at 33, is still able to defeat almost any amateur in the world when he is right, and Sirola was hardly a match for him, although he came within a point of winning the second set.

In the doubles the Italians, who had upset the American pair at Wimbledon last July, appeared ready to do so again when they won 31 of the first 32 points. During this amazing span they could do no wrong as they smashed winning shots to all parts of the court. It was perhaps the most amazing demonstration of doubles play that had been seen at Forest Hills in many years. But the spell soon vanished and with it all of Italy's hopes for the Davis Cup.

So it's off to Australia in November for the cup team, but just who will make up the team is still as hazy. Richardson, a Rhodes scholar, must return to England for the term and may not get in enough practice before they play India in December. A still bigger question mark is Richard Savitt, the former Wimbledon champion, who played so well against Ken Rosewall in the Nationals last month. Savitt has repeatedly stated that he is not available because of business reasons, which is too bad, for his presence on the team would unquestionably increase U.S. chances of regaining the cup. Then, again, perhaps he should stay here, for waiting patiently in Australia like a pair of hungry tigers ready to pounce are two fellows named Lew Hoad and Ken Rosewall.

The smartest watch
you can wear
for Sports
(Illustrated!)



Ladymatic.

It's waterproof*, shock-resistant,
and remembers to wind itself!

Everything a fashionable woman could wish for in a sports watch from the self-winding movement to the sweep-second hand! Yet so small, so chic, you'll put it on any busy morning... wear it right through cocktails at the club. For yourself or a special gift — choose a Ladymarc — and let *time take care of itself!*

12-poled, anti-reflecting, two-dimensional 500° ultra-micro-machined, copper-coated and 15% gold applied dual SiC film. Packed from 5119. Matched silicon, 5175. 120 × 1 cm. Quantity is sufficient for one and a half, from 574.85. Each 100 mill 6.5% impurity (crystalline) and 100% maximum (total) and 100% and 100% (100% and 100%).

Write for brochure "C" and name of person of business for it.

© Omega, 695 Madison Ave., N.Y. 10

Ω
OMEGA
THE WATCH THE WORLD HAS LEARNED TO TRUST

JACK KRAMER

restored from near 50

tennis because it favors the aggressive type of game. Roughly 30% of all tennis in the world is played on dirt (hard courts), where the footing and slower bounce give the defensive player a slight edge. The ideal would be concrete because it provides a fast enough bounce so that a good service should pay off and yet it gives the defensive player a relatively uniform bounce.

"Basically I understand that from a sporting goods equipment and player-participation angle, the game of tennis in the U.S. is in the greatest shape ever. Only trouble is that our players aren't winning the big tournaments. Why? We know that in a country this size there have to be boys with tremendous tennis potential. The whole problem is that we've got to make the game attractive enough to them so that they will want to exploit that potential. There's no use harping on the comparison between America and Australia. Down there we know that education isn't as important to a boy as it is up here, with the result that a 16-year-old has a better chance simply because he is willing to sacrifice everything to play a game promoted by big names, controlled by sporting goods companies and coached by a man who thinks only of Wimbledon and the Davis Cup."

Kramer smiled candidly. "I'll tell you what," he said. "People criticize U.S. tennis because we don't hold the Davis Cup. They don't deny, though, do they, that we have in Pancho Gonzales the best tennis player in the world? And as for the Cap, I think if you take Head off the Australian team and throw Seissas and Richardson at Rosewall, and anybody they want to name, we'd have an even chance of winning. But you see, this doesn't satisfy an American public hungry for victory all the time. They publicize and popularize baseball and football and ex proudly boast of the best. But they can't understand why we don't always have the best amateur tennis players when they know perfectly well that no major effort is ever made to focus the same attention on the sport of tennis. The younger players themselves have no strict directives to follow, and the result is that dozens and dozens of them are steadily wasting a lot of natural talent. See what's happened with the foreign tour. I think Europe and Wimbledon are helping to kill tonight U.S. tennis. It used to be that the USLTA would carefully select four or five kids for

three-week summer tour. In my day we fought for that honor and were proud to be selected. Now anybody goes who wants to. They make their own deals with minor tournament officials all over the world and stay three or four months until they're ordered home to discover that the American tournament circuit is struggling along with second-rate performers."

"What," was the next obvious question put to the former champion, "is a solution to the U.S. problem?"

"Oh, I have lots of ideas," he replied. "Some, such as a new scoring system and a plan to take some of the acrobats

AS KRAMER SEES THEM

ALLTIME TOP TEN

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Dan Budge | 6. Betty Higgins |
| 2. Elsworth Voss | 7. Pancho Gonzales |
| 3. Pancho Gonzalez | 8. Ted Schroeder |
| 4. Bill Tilden | 9. Jack Bromwich |
| 5. Fred Perry | 10. Frank Sedgman |

(Only players with whom Kramer had played or those he'd seen.)

1946 TOP TEN

- | | |
|--------------------|--------------------|
| 1. Pancho Gonzales | 6. Ken Rosewall |
| 2. Frank Sedgman | 7. Donny Peck |
| 3. Pancho Segura | 8. Vic Seixas |
| 4. Tony Trabert | 9. Ben Hurwig |
| 5. Lew Hoad | 10. Ken Richardson |

(Asked to rank himself on current form, Kramer replied, "I might be right with Teahed or just behind him.")

off the Big Game nerve and put-away volley), I'd like to take up at another time. For now, however, it seems to me that most people are chiefly concerned with our Davis Cup chances this year and what we can do to build for the immediate future. First, the present. The USLTA, for all its talk about a youth movement, is going to have to go with Selous and Richardson on this year's Cup team. Both are great competitors. Vic, however, despite the fact that he gets more out of his game than anybody I know, probably no better than he was in the late '60s, and he's certainly not going to improve now—at the age of 33. Richardson, for all his class, together with the kind of game required to be a top player, has nonetheless never been able to dictate the pace or control the game. He's at a disadvantage because he has to go to the front from the start and beat his man quickly or not at all. I don't feel there's any real confidence on the part of the USLTA or Captain Billy Talbot that Ham will ever dominate world tennis, but it

perfectly understandable that they have to go with him, as well as with Vic, this year. The other boys they talk about—like Barry Mackay, Sammy Giannalva, Mike Green and Ron Holsburg among others—are not my idea of a real youth movement. When they are around the 23-year-old mark, tennis players either have it or not. And if they aren't pretty darned good by then—which none of these boys really is—I'd be cold-blooded about the future and invest good money in younger boys.

"Here are some of the things I'd like to see tried:

1) The USLTA should see that school boards start a national tennis program at the junior high level.

2) With the junior program the USLTA should disp the attitude that the commercial businessmen should be allowed to sponsor such a program. If Little League baseball is commercially sponsored, why not tennis which desperately needs some of the solicited help now going into other sports?

3) Standardize the playing surfaces—preferably concrete—on which the major tournaments are played.

4) Influence good juniors with natural talent and the concentration and determination to go with it to attend good schools with tennis weather to match. I may be prejudiced but I think Southern California is the best place to develop tennis talent.

"Assuming you were giving advice to a group of promising 16-year-olds," Kramer was asked, "how should they go about improving their game?"

"If they already had all the basic strokes at 16—together with the real desire to be champions—I'd give them a few very basic instructions:

1) Develop body speed and stamina. By body speed I don't mean pure sprinting speed, but general agility.

2) Perfect your service to the point where you don't even think about your forehand until you can control, not the first, but the second serve.

3) Work on your net game with emphasis on the volley after service.

4) Practice on your weaknesses, not the strokes at which you already show normal proficiency.

"All this, you understand, isn't going to develop a winning Cup team overnight. But it's a start. A junior program must succeed if it's properly run. When that time comes, our boys will be champions again."

Jack Kramer smiled politely and walked out. In a half hour he was out on a court playing with an old friend by the name of Don Budge. **CNR**



*the
"made-to-measure"
look
in leather.*

*the appearance of
true
English style*

*the precision
crafted
construction*

*the freedom
to go
anywhere*

Rugged

Freeman "Storm-Riders"

smartest weatherguards

Good to look at... better to wear!
Season's smartest weatherguards give you the styles you want, the protection you need.
"Made-to-measure" look is outward assurance of built-in comfort and durability.
Write for your Freeman dealer's name.

Freeman Storm-Riders • 127 Fifth Avenue • Second Floor • New York
Freeman Shoe Corp., Inc., New York
Sole Agent: 127 Fifth Avenue • New York • 10011



wonderful feeling

FREEMAN

shoes for men

SCOREBOARD

... THESE FACES IN THE CROWD ...



Tony DeSpirito, who set ultimate riding record (390) in 1992, was thought to be finished after spill last May resulted in removal of kidney and spleen, named upset Suffolk Downs, where he booted home winner on third try.



Redy Regalado, Cleveland farm hand, got Indianapolis American Association champions off to fast start with sixth-leading horse to win opener 3-2. Indians went on to sweep four straight from Rochester in Little World Series.

RECORD BREAKERS

Markon Pinner, American racing driver, pressed heavy foot to throttle of Coventry Climax-engined British Lotus, zoomed over Monza circuit in futile quest of world three-hour record for cars up to 1990 cc., but bested three marks along way: 50 kilometers in 33:49.3 at 185.14 mph; 60 miles in 22:10.9 at 185.50 mph; 100 kilometers in 27:31.3 at 135.44 mph (Sept. 25).

East and West Germany, together for first time, fielded team of Erika Flath, Christa Stabelick, Gisela Koehler and Beate Meyer, who sprinted 400-meter relay in 2:5.3 for world mark at Berlin (Sept. 28).

Flaming Arrow, with Eddie Cobb in toky, sideshocked first heat in 1:08 2/5, same back with same clocking in second to set four world records (for best heat race and best time trial by 3-year-old pacing filly; fastest two-seat totals by 3-year-old pacing filly and by pacing mare of any age) while winning \$15,528 Hanover Filly Stake at Lexington, Ky. (Sept. 29).

BASEBALL

Brooklyn's old pros, taking heart from winning Sal Maglie's 5-0 no-hitter over Philadelphia, swept three straight from Pittsburgh while Milwaukee folded in St. Louis, to win National League pennant on final day, prepared to meet Yankees, whose Mickey Martinez was triple crown (203 BA, 130 RBI, 62 HR) in World Series.

Rucky Harris of fifth-place Detroit and **Al Lopez** of second-place Cleveland were first managerial casualties in American

League. Harris, unable to be "fery, aggressive" skipper ("I prefer to try and get winning results by avoiding any best judgment, percentages") demurred by new Tiger management, resigned. Lopez, after winning one pennant and finishing second five times in six years, also threw in sponge: "The tension has been a devil of a thing."

FOOTBALL

Oklahoma, hunting at seams with usual power, put 51 players to work, easily overwhelmed North Carolina 38-0 for 31st consecutive victory to set pace for college football's second week. In East, Pitt shunked Jimmy Brown to beat Syracuse 34-7, while Army, conceder far sectional losses, equaled to victory over VMI 22-12. In South, Tennessee had easy time with Auburn 33-7, and Georgia Tech edged SMU 9-7. Big Ten teams weakened up on embattled Pacific Coast Conference foes to sweep four inter-sectional games. Michigan used UCLA fumbles to win 42-13; Michigan State, with Clarence Peaks grinding out huge rivers of yardage, beat Stanford 21-7; Illinois, trailing 20-6 at half, scored four times in 6:14 rebuke of third quarter to overtake California 22-23; Minnesota's versatile attack proved too much for favored Washington at Gophers won 34-14. In other games: Wisconsin trounced Marquette 41-6; Ohio State used ground game to defeat Nebraska 34-7; Purdue squeaked past Missouri 16-7; Northwestern held off rallying Iowa State 14-13; Iowa moved into conference lead by defeating Indiana 37-0.

NFL got spring-day jolt when Chicago Cardinals used those field goals by Pat Summerall to upset Cleveland 9-7; and Baltimore dented touted Chicago Bears 28-21. In other games: New York overpowered San Francisco 35-21; Detroit beat Green Bay 24-16; Los Angeles outscored Philadelphia 25-7; Pittsburgh whipped Washington 39-13.

OLYMPIC TRIALS

Adrian (Daddy) Hall of Idaho State, who has developed eight NCAA individual champions, was named coach-manager of U.S. Olympic boxing team, which will be picked at San Francisco, October 13-19.

BOXING

Texan (Harriman) Jackson, energetically falling away like misad-ad windmill, flicked stingless left, used his double uppercut and roundhouse bolo-type right, two-stopped and was dazed through 12 rounds to take decision over plodding and lethargic Bob Baker before 12,541 at Pittsburgh. Jackson, who painted training camp with request for "skull-crusher" because skin on his head was "too tight," found it loose enough to get agreement when Manager Lippy Breidbart bravely intoned: "We want a shot at Archie Moore now."

Joey Giardello, rehired toughie who ranked No. 1 among middleweight challengers until predivly for extracurricular dogging earned him jail term, caught second-ranked and 2-to-1 favorite Bobby Heyd, pride and joy of IBC while winning nine

FOCUS ON THE DEED



UPRAISED ARM of Gerald Waldman, slipped from his own boat, fails to ward off an oncoming hydroplane in race at Long Beach, Calif. Waldman suffered internal injuries but is improving.



OUTSTRETCHED HOOPS speed Milner Gus to two-and-a-half length victory over favored Nankas (right) in mile-and-quarter \$80,380 Woodward Stakes at Belmont Park, N.Y. (see page 25).

THE OUTDOOR WEEK

EDITED BY THOMAS H. LINEWEAVER

The majestic whooping crane moves south with its young (right). And, as fall brings new hunting seasons, Newfoundland's moose mix their signals and find themselves derailed

TO THE DAKOTAS last week went an urgent message from the National Audubon Society—"WARNING: The first four whooping cranes to migrate this fall are now approaching your area. . . . Their lives must be spared . . . to help bolster the ever-threatened existence of the species." This week a like bulletin will go to Nebraska as anxious wildlife fanciers follow the so few remaining whoopers from their summer nesting grounds in the Canadian wilderness to winter quarters on the Aransas National Wildlife Refuge in Texas, a refuge enlarged in 1966 by the closing of 4,440 additional acres to hunting to prevent careless or malicious wildfowlers from further diminishing the flock.

Last spring 25 of these great birds winged north. One sluggish elected to

summer in Texas and an injured female now graces San Antonio's Brackenridge Park Zoo. How many will return is so far an unanswered question. Instead of nesting as usual in Canada's Wood Buffalo National Park area, the cranes vanished above Great Slave Lake in the Northwest Territories and no nesting census was possible.

The four whoopers who should now be at the Platte River Basin in Nebraska are the vanguard and did not nest. Behind them is a pair with one youngster. The rest have yet to appear, but last season the whoopers hatched eight chicks and the average is four. This fall the outlook is bright. The fact that no other young cranes have appeared as yet may indicate busy rearing activities by the adults who pushed so unusually far north.



AS WHOOPERS WING to winter quarters, wildfowlers along the way are warned to hold fire if any large white bird or a silhouette like that above flies within range.

The greatest hazard confronting cranes on their current 2,000-mile trek will be the hunter. The migration may continue into December, wildfowl seasons along the route (see map) are opening, and despite relentless campaigns to familiarize the lalty with whoopers, mistakes have been made. Cranes have been taken for snow geese and other large birds, and since 1939 30 have been shot. Yet, the whooping crane is distinctive enough so that a reasonably cautious gunner should be able to avoid potting one.

A mature crane is 6 feet tall and has a wingspread of seven feet. It is white except for black wingtips and a red-crowned head, and normally flies high, emitting a trumpetlike call. The hopefully awaited four- or five-month-old whoopers will be on their first southern junket, and, though almost the size of adults, are buff colored, mottled with white.

The whooping crane can be saved from extinction, but nature can ill afford the loss of even one.

IF YOU SEE THIS BIRD DON'T SHOOT



A TIME FOR HUNTING

THE FALL is young. Grains are dissolving into a splash of color, and, as winter

probes a finger here and there, in high country a bit of white sets off nature's yearly brilliance. So, across the nation and in Canada, hunting seasons begin to open, and, though the angler has water yet to cast, game too becomes quarry.

Woodcock, the elusive timberbirds, are in Nova Scotia adesso now, and last week the northern counties opened to upland hunters. Their bag limit is eight, but few have filled it and many wait for the southern county opening this week when the long-billed birds will congregate in Queens, Shelburne



typically Zero King
...the strikingly casual

BUSHMASTER

Painstaking craftsmanship will make you feel as luxuriously comfortable when you slip into this authentic Australian Bush Coat by Zero King. Tailored in Riva Cotton—salera's wonder fabric that "feels" so good, it's hilly lined, sleeves and all, in plush, warm Olive pbs. The Bushmaster is water-repellent.

about \$120.00

the
mark of a
complete
wardrobe



E. N. Harris Manufacturing Co., Park Square, St. Paul

PROS AWEIGH

continued from page 18

show that pro fans are accustomed to, and the customer winds up paying fair-trade prices for a cut-rate product. The aging regulars and the ambitious rookies, with jobs at stake, play all-out, but the star players, in their brief appearances, often move about with all the verve of somnambulists trying to find some place to lie down. Some years ago the best coach in the league, Paul Brown, set the dreary pattern for exhibition games by simply treating them as a full-dress scrimmage, primarily for his unruly rookies. Other coaches followed suit, with the result that exhibition games degenerated into contests in which victory was secondary to the testing of new talent or the reappraisal of the old.

There is a cure for this evil: let the exhibition games count a half game in the league standings. Then the stakes will be high enough to give the fan a run for his money and low enough to give the coach room to experiment, if experiment he must. If the exhibition mounted at least a fraction in the league standings, the fan on the 50-yard line would be spared the sight of the Los Angeles Rams upending the Cleveland

Browns by a rousing 38-21 in exhibition play, only to see the Browns demolish the same Rams 38-14 when the marbles were down.

Another point. The pros of 1966 have a readymade farm system which costs them exactly nothing. A professional football player is rarely of any economic value until he has been the recipient of four years of skillful coaching, steaming platefuls of good training-table food and combat experience, all provided by the irreplaceable collegiate football nurseries. The pros, while gladly gobbling up the product of this vast, publicly financed farm system, still have no sensible plan for rewarding those fans who help provide it. They should, if they expect to make it pay off for both themselves and their supporters, revise the draft laws to provide for territorial rights. The Los Angeles Rams, for instance, should have first draft call on all players in the southern California area. The Detroit Lions should get Michigan, and so on. This would give meaning to the competition and have the effect of heightening the emotional content of

continued on page 48

CANADA'S PROS ARE AT IT TOO

NORTH OF THE BORDER, the Canadian professional football season is nearly three-quarters over, with the same two teams which met for the Grey Cup in 1965 again leading their respective divisions. Montreal's Alouettes, coached by Douglas (Peckhead) Walker, have won six and lost two to pace Eastern Canada's Big Four. A passing combination—Sam (The Rifle) Etcheverry to Harold Patterson—has given the Alouettes enough offensively punch to convert a rather loose defense. In Montreal's recent 44-41 victory over Hamilton, Etcheverry completed 26 of 48 passes for 644 yards, Patterson at the same time setting a new record for receivers with 381 yards. Ottawa is second, two games behind Montreal, a game ahead of Hamilton and Toronto. Hal Liddiard, from the University of Chattanooga, has recovered from a slow start to give Ottawa good quarterbacking. The Hamilton Tiger-Cats, whose concentration has been somewhat diverted by their troubles with the Knox family—Harvey and Ronale—lost three games in a row after a good start. Since Ronale and his stepfather have departed for Hollywood, the Tights may finally have enough to reach the playoff round. The Toronto Argonauts under Coach Bill

Schwab have had trouble replacing quarterback Tom Dahlsrud, injured in a preseason game, but they defeated the Alouettes 23-22 recently, with Arnie Galiffa directing the attack.

In the five-team Western Interprovincial Football Union, the Edmonton Eskimos, last year's champs, lead again. Coach Frank (Pop) Ivy has won the Grey Cup for the last two years, and this year he has essentially the same team back, including a great quarterback, Jackie Parker. The Saskatchewan Rough Riders, under Coach Frank Flinck, are a close second, principally because of the fine passing of Frank Tripsuck, now in his fourth year with the club. Winnipeg's Blue Bombers are a half game behind Saskatchewan; Mississippi's Eagle Day combines with Bob McNamara of Minnesota and Bob Davesport of UCLA to give the Bombers a strong backfield. Prokessan Coach Clem Crowe of the British Columbia Lions released Galiffa early in the season, and he has not yet found a replacement and is stuck down in fourth place. Last-year's Calgary honored a U.S. tradition by firing its losing coach in mid-season, Otis Douglas, the new coach, has had no better results and will be lucky to better the four-win twelve-loss '68 mark.



PHOTO BY T. H. HARRIS FOR ADVERTISING PHOTOGRAPHY CO., NEW YORK. STYLING BY T. H. HARRIS FOR ADVERTISING PHOTOGRAPHY CO., NEW YORK. ART BY T. H. HARRIS FOR ADVERTISING PHOTOGRAPHY CO., NEW YORK.

Whatever and wherever you hunt there's a

WINCHESTER **MODEL 70**

exactly right for you

*Compare these features
—no other rifle in the world
can match them*



**ELEPHANTS
OR WOODCHUCKS**

Eleven calibers — from 22 Hornet to the crushing 438 Africa — give you a selection unmatched by any other rifle. Never before have you been able to suit your game and gun so well. Right now you can get a Model 70 for any game, anywhere in the world.

CHOICE OF STOCKS

Customize your Model 70 by selecting the stock that suits you best. There's a Monte-Carlo comb for high ball support, standard stock for all around shooting, checkered stock with fore-end and grip cap in the Paper Grade series. All have hand checkering on grip and fore-end.

TARGET RIFLE ACCURACY

Since 1914, when it was introduced, the Model 70 has dominated long range target shooting. A.B. Model 70's, Standard, Featherweight, Super Grade, Target or Bull Gun have the accuracy it takes to win matches or make a long shot on foot, any game. Don't take less than the best — be proud to say — "Mine's a Winchester."



The easy Winchester Time Payment Plan lets you retire that tired war relic or wear out hunting rifle and get a brand new Model 70! As little as \$12.45 down and up to 20 months to pay puts the world's finest and most versatile hunting rifle in your hands.

No other rifle can come close to offering the great selection of grades, weights, stocks, sights and calibers as the Model 70. The superb Model 70 is the only standard big game rifle with custom features. See them at your Winchester Time Payment Dealer.

WINCHESTER-WEAVER DIVISION • OLIN MATHESSON CHEMICAL CORPORATION, NEW HAVEN 4, CONN.



Jaguar Owners

*they have rediscovered an almost forgotten dimension
in driving—pleasure in performance—*

25 years ago, the appreciation of the most fundamental aspect of an automobile—in road performance—was, like an interest in Babe Ruth, very much a part of our national attitude.

But as the automobile became more and more part of our standard "household equipment," the pleasures of driving "just for the fun of it" were almost forgotten in America. In England and on the Continent, however, the concept and development of cars that were designed not merely to be ridden in but to be stimulating and rewarding to drive continued to flourish. It is these cars, for so long known only to a few enthusiasts, that have created in the United States the ever-broadening "sports car" revival of today.

Just What Is a Sports Car?

A true "sports car" is generally regarded as a car that can be driven effectively either in competition or on the highway. Specifically the sports car is more and more falling into three categories—the all-out competition car, the dual-purpose car and the sports-touring car. It is in these last two categories that the Jaguars illustrated belong.*

The ownership of a sports car is a ticket of admission to a large and companionable fellowship. And, while relatively few sports car owners ever take part in competition events, many share a sense of participation beyond mere spectators in the skill of the competition driver and the performance of his car. In a very natural way—through observation, conversation, and personal experience with his own car—the sports car owner comes to practice good driv-

ing as a conscious art. To make this art as practical and pleasant as possible is the objective of all sports car design. How well Jaguar has achieved this objective is revealed in a quotation from a respected automotive publication: "The Jaguar . . . is in fact one of the easiest and safest automobiles to drive being built today . . . has been and remains the standard of the world in the sports car category."

Jaguar Performance

The performance flexibility of the Jaguar is amazing. A consistent winner in competition, incomparable on the highways, completely docile in traffic, it is responsive to the style and demands of every kind of driving.

Jaguar steering is sure and light; together with superb suspension, it gives the Jaguar driver complete control of his car on every kind of surface, curve and corner. Jaguar brakes are designed to match in stopping power the speed of which the car is capable. The driver of a Jaguar travels in the comfort of knowing—in fact, not fiction, that his car is master of the road—capable of giving him performance up to—and far beyond—his every need.

The Five Jaguar Models

The Jaguar line includes the famous XK-140 Sports Roadster, with concealable all-weather top . . . the luxurious XK-140 convertible with fully lined top . . . and what has been referred to as a "jewel box on a sports car chassis," the impeccable XK-140 hardtop coupe.

In addition, Jaguar offers the new C-Two-Point-Four. This sports-touring car brings to the comfort of a four-

door, five-passenger family sedan the exciting performance of a true sports car. Finally there is the ultimate in four-door sedan luxury and elegance . . . the new Mark VIII (available soon, but unfortunately not at the time this advertisement was prepared. Shown is the Mark VII). While the sports car purist will prefer the practical pleasures of the famous Jaguar four-speed manual shift, automatic transmission is available on all Jaguars with the exception of the XK-140 sports roadster and delivers truly remarkable performance by any standards. Each of these cars is made in the enduring traditions of British craftsmanship, from the heavyweight steel of the bodies to the hand-fitted glove leather upholstery within. Yet Jaguar prices remain well within the range of the medium-priced domestic car.

Buying a Jaguar

To best appreciate Jaguar performance, we urge you to drive a Jaguar, hearing this word from the editors of Road & Track: "The buyer who tests a prospective new car by taking a demonstration run around the block is an unwise buyer, and in the case of Jaguar its true riding qualities are best demonstrated by making an extended test over all types of roads."

Jaguar dealers are located throughout the U.S.A. and Canada. Through them you will receive expert Jaguar service from factory-trained personnel (a complete factory inventory of parts is maintained in the U. S. A.). For the location of your nearest Jaguar dealer or further details, write Jaguar Cars North American Corporation, 32 East 57th St., New York 22, N. Y., Dept. B.

*Of course, Jaguar also makes a competition car—the "C" type. Recent winner of the 1955 Le Mans 24-hour Grand Prix of Endurance, this car is virtually a "ground grader" for observations of safety and performance. From its predecessor, the "C" type Jaguar, came the basic engineering characteristics of the "DK" models shown here.

JAGUARS AND THEIR OWNERS, FROM THE BOTTOM:

Specialist in motion.—Teaser dealer Pilot Carr, C. V. Reynolds, feels earth-bound in a lesser car. His pride in his Jaguar XK-140 Sports Roadster is compounded by the engineering excellence in repairs and the responsiveness for his owner to demand of a vehicle in motion.

Responsive professional.—Dr. D. Williams, mostly an evening reader, averages 1,800 a month. He drives a Jaguar for the same reason that attracts his choice of a wife as a dignified instrument . . . including performance. His XK-140 Hardtop Coupe gives him the true sense of driving his personal desire in a patient.

Adapted.—As Purchasing Agent for a golf . . . and growing . . . suburban family, Mrs. R. found the Jaguar offered kinder body mesh, superior

steered roadability and a price that lacked competition. Her choice, a Jaguar C-Two-Point-Four reflects her eye for value, her concern for the safety of precious passengers.

Material fact.—Between the 15 and 16 "Jaguar 150" (150's in and down). All the previous effort on subtle change, a quiet preference for steel is chosen. Actually, this price in driving well meets the Jaguar XK-140 Convertible almost a necessity.

Similar bylines.—For the Bentley EV, the Jaguar Mark VII (1955) delivers to market, by October 1955, the 1955 continuing sense of comfort and pleasure. Their Jaguar is a symphony of a body, powerful approach in previous being.

QUALITY pays off in performance

"YOU SAY YOU
CHANGED TO
KENDALL, THE
3000 MILE OIL?"

"YES, AND WHAT
A CHANGE
IT MADE IN
THIS MOTOR."



Kendall is Quality

Kendall Quality starts with 100% South East Pennsylvania Crude — acknowledged the world's richest crude oil. Continuous research . . . exclusive refining processes . . . and carefully selected additives blended under a New Formula enhance this national superiority. The result — Kendall, The 3000 Mile Oil. (For Service NIA-MSDGI) satisfies the critical lubrication demands of modern engines and driving conditions. 30¢ per U. S. Quart.



"NO MORE
HIGH OIL
CONSUMPTION
OR LIFTING
STICKING
PROBLEMS?"

"NONE! TAKE
MY ADVICE.
JACK, USE
KENDALL
IN YOUR
CAR."

KENDALL
REFINING
COMPANY
Bridgeton,
Penn.



Celebrating
75 Years of
Innovation
Specialists

PROS AWEIGH

continued from page 14

pro football, which, it seems to me, is its big lack at the moment.

There is potent argument for this innovation. Every football fan knows Texas is a hotbed of football enthusiasm. Yet when the pros moved a franchise (the New York Yankees, as it happens) into Dallas, the apathy—and the attendance—was so pitiful that the owners soon gave up, and Baltimore took over the franchise and breathed new life into it. Yet, when the Detroit Lions moved into Texas for a mere exhibition test, the fans broke down the doors. Why? Because the University of Texas' Bobby Layne was the Lions' quarterback; SMU's Donk Walker was the target of his passer; and Harley Sewell of Texas was smearing the Lions' opposition, Texas style. The folks in the string ties and Stetson hats had something to cheer for.

The New York Giants are another case in point. Currently one of the invalids of pro football, the Giants' franchise is suffering from nothing

more or less than the fact that collegiate football died a strangling death in New York a decade ago. Football interest in general inevitably followed. The football Giants make a forlorn attempt every so often to sign an Army player or two, but Army players are not ordinarily New York boys (Tex Coulter was the last great ex-Army man in Giant uniform).

Certainly the pros should respect territorial rights for at least the first 10 draft choices. The fact that a boy who goes to school in Michigan, for instance, and would rather play football there should be taken into consideration as well.

All in all, though, pro football is the game for the real football fan. For the fan who understands the arts and mysteries of slanting defenses, up-and-out pass patterns, "red-dogging" linebackers, wide flankers, fakes and buttonhooks, there is nothing quite like it. The 33 black-and-white footballers in the livery of the home team are the super-practitioners of the art of football today, and, as a happy Detroit fan put it, they play "the best damn football in the world." (KRR)

THE PROS SPREAD WIDE

PROFESSIONAL FOOTBALL's resurgence as a truly national game was dramatized last coast to coast Sunday afternoon when CBS beamed the first four of a total of 62 pro games which it will send to the country's television screens this autumn. It was the first time a major network had devoted itself to professional football on a nationwide scale—the games were carried by 157 stations—and in dozens of towns which had never seen pro ball on television (Portland, Ore. and Portland, Maine; Big Spring, Texas; Phoenix, Ariz.; Boise, Idaho; Florence, S.C.; Fort Meyers, Fla.), scores of new fans were caught up in one fell swoop.

The National Football League, it seems certain, will eventually gain at the box office (those games are blacked out for a radius of 75 miles) as a result of this vastly increased video audience, but CBS was not throwing its network open to the pros simply to popularize the game. Pro football, by its burgeoning popularity, especially forced its way into U.S. homes. Last year, although pro games were telecast only in regional circuits—by Du Mont in the East, ABC in the Midwest, on Kille "hunted networks" set up by some of the clubs themselves—it outdrawn other Sunday afternoon programs almost everywhere. "Our programs were getting ratings like 3.8 and 4.6," says CBS's Bill Marshall, "and the Chicago Bears had a 3.6 in Omaha, Neb. The New York Giants

outdraw anything on either NBC or CBS in New York on a Sunday afternoon."

Last January, Columbia set out to sweep professional football up into one big—and exceedingly complex—Sunday program. Every club but Cleveland (which will be seen, however, when it plays out of town) joined forces with them. Meanwhile CBS—in order to show regional games in regional studios—set out to divide its network into nine regional networks. Since a television signal goes only one way around the rotating mass of coastal cable and microwave towers which link the stations, chopping the system into parts, each capable of operating as a unit for one afternoon a week, was a task calculated to drive network technicians to near distraction.

By last Sunday, however, CBS was prepared to operate nine networks—around New York, Philadelphia, Baltimore, Pittsburgh, Washington, Grosse Bay, Chicago and on the Pacific Coast—and by temporarily merging plans of them, week by week, to show its viewers in various parts of the country the pro game of the week in which they are most interested.

The outlands have already begun reacting—as a result of seeing three pro-season practice games to the kind of football the big, fast, talented pro teams offer their audiences. Every club has begun getting letters from new admirers requesting information or tickets.

EASTERN CONFERENCE

CHICAGO
Cardinals

1955 RECORD: Won 4, lost 7, tied 1. Finished last.
1956 SCHEDULE: Won 1, lost 5.

COACHES: Head — Ray Rhoads, Assistant—Don McDermott, Quarterback Coach—Chuck Drela, Rally Coach—John Kottman.

MATCHUP: 1, Lamar Muffin, QB; 11, Ollie Matson, HB; 44, Dave Mann, HB; 34, John Olszewski, FB; 70, Jack Jennings, TE; 83, Don Stoneman, E; 81, Dick Lane, DB.

OFFENSE: The Cardinals, with the most explosive running back in football in Ollie Matson, the Olympic quarter-back, and a worthy running mate in Dave Mann, who played service ball with Matson, have not been able to move the ball as they should. An offensive line which offered only token blocking for Matson, Olszewski and Mann needs considerably more strengthening. The



11. JIMMIE RALSTON

11. OLLIE MATSON

Cardinals also need a first-line T quarterback; Lamar Muffin, who has run Rhoads' team for two years, has not measured up. Rookie John Rouse of SMU needs more experience. The Cardinal offensive ends are puny and sure receivers, but the ball gets to them too seldom.

DEFENSE: The Cardinal pass defenders were as efficient as any in the league last season, allowing 28 of their opponents' 371 passes. The defensive line, wheeling around 250-pound Middle Guard Tim Pasquet, is hefty and gets promising help from Rookie Guard John Dittus of Wisconsin. Nonetheless, Coach Rhoads appears to be too lightly manned for the long, grueling run of the pro season.

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 30—Cleveland (20-28)
Oct. 7—New York (28-47)
Oct. 14—at Washington (24-10)
Oct. 21—at Philadelphia (23-27)
Oct. 28—Washington (24-31)
Nov. 4—Philadelphia (24-24)
Nov. 11—at New York (41-19)
Nov. 18—at Pittsburgh (17-14)
Nov. 25—Pittsburgh (17-13)
Dec. 2—Green Bay (14-31)
Dec. 9—at Chicago Bears (25-14)
Dec. 16—at Cleveland (28-32)

CLEVELAND
Browns

1955 RECORD: Won 3, lost 3, tied 1. Finished last.
1956 SCHEDULE: Won 14, lost 10.

COACHES: Head — Paul Brown, Assistant—Paul Haler, Howard Stricker, Dick Gallagher, Fritz Delner, Ed Uffner.

MATCHUP: 15, George Ratterman, QB; 19, Vito Parilli, QB; 24, Ray Keefe, HB; 33, Maurice Bassett, FB; 32, Fred Morrison, HB; 70, Don Cole, T; 76, Lou Gross, T; 80, Len Ford, E; 84, Dante Lavelli, E.

OFFENSE: The Browns are entering their first season without the retired Otto Graham. George Ratterman, the replacement, throws accurately but is not as mobile as Coach Paul Brown likes; Vito (Duke) Parilli is back from service and when he consents his nerves he will probably be No. 1 quarterback. Otherwise, the offense has all the ingredients of success, with halfback speed in veteran Ray Keefe, power in Maurice Bassett, Fred Morrison and Ed McDermott, deceptive pass receivers like old Dante Lavelli and a line bulky enough to protect the passer and open holes. Also, don't overlook Lou Gross, football's best field goal kicker.

DEFENSE: This is the same defense that consistently has been the best in professional football. The line is a very model of the modern major defense; the linebackers (Walt Michaels and Charlie Noll) react quickly for pass defense, plug vigorously any holes prior to front of them. Len Ford gives strong rushing from end. Age has not withered nor championships stained this unit, a beautifully cohesive coordination.



11. LEN FORD

11. VITO PARILLI

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 30—at Cardinals (20-28)
Oct. 6—at Pittsburgh, Pa. (20-7)
Oct. 14—New York (24-14)
Oct. 21—at Washington (24-14)
Oct. 28—Pittsburgh (41-14)
Nov. 4 at Green Bay (41-24)
Nov. 11 Baltimore (no game)
Nov. 18—at Philadelphia (17-33)
Nov. 25—Washington (13-27)
Dec. 2—Philadelphia (23-47)
Dec. 9—at New York (28-33)
Dec. 16—Cardinals (28-24)

NEW YORK
Giants

1955 RECORD: Won 6, lost 5, tied 1. Finished third.
1956 SCHEDULE: Won 1, lost 2.

COACHES: Head —Jim Lee Howell, Assistant—Ken Kavanaugh, Vince Lombardi, Ed Kotman, Tom Landry.

MATCHUP: 16, Frank Gifford, HB; 29, Alex Webster, HB; 42, Chuck Connely, QB; 44, Kyle Rote, HB; 45, Kenes Tunnell, DB; 76, Roosevelt Oliver, T; 81, Andy Robustelli, E; 83, Bob Schnelker, E.

OFFENSE: The Giants move from the Pale Grande into victory-rich Yankee Stadium this year and may have the offense to continue the summer heroes of the Yankees. The back is brilliant with starlet Alex Webster on one side, Captain Kyle Rote on the other, and Frank Gifford to back them up. Mel Triplett fills a vacancy at fullback.



11. FRANK GIFFORD

11. ALEX WEBSTER

and is backstopped by mule-legged Arkansas Rookie Henry Moore. Offensive ends are talented and deep and have Quarterbacks Charlie Connely, back for his ninth season, and Don Heinrich to throw to them.

DEFENSE: Soft spots at defensive end and halfback may be hardened by the addition of 225-pound Rookie End Jim Kavanaugh and the return of veteran defender Herb Rife to the backfield. Front tackle is tackle, the defensive line is sturdy, rough and just young enough. Howell spent a half-season in 1955 shaking down his defensive crew and now has them the way he wants. With no Otto Graham to plague them this season, the Giants may supplant the Cleveland Browns as Eastern champions.

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 30—at San Francisco (no game)
Oct. 7—at Chicago Cardinals (17-28)
Oct. 14—at Cleveland (14-24)
Oct. 21—Pittsburgh (17-28)
Oct. 28—Philadelphia (21-7)
Nov. 4 at Pittsburgh (24-20)
Nov. 11—Chicago Cardinals (24-0)
Nov. 18—at Washington (23-20)
Nov. 25—Chicago Bears (no game)
Dec. 2—Washington (25-7)
Dec. 9—Cleveland (24-25)
Dec. 16 at Philadelphia (21-47)

PHILADELPHIA

Eagles



1965 RECORD: Won 4, lost 7, tied 1. Tied for fourth.
1966 EXPECTATIONS: Won 3, lost 5.

COACHES: Head—Hugh Downs, Assistant—Steve Owen, Charles Grier, Ed Doherty.

WATCH FOR: 16, Adrian Bark, QB; 13, Bob Thomson, QB; 17, Ken Kellum, HB; 24, Don Schaefer, FB; 46, Ted Wapert, HB; 53, Bob Pellegrini, LB; 60, Chuck Bednarik, LB; 81, Ed Bell, DB; 86, Norman Willey, E.

OFFENSE: The Eagles chugged through the 1965 season on one cylinder—hair painting. Hugh Downs, in his first season as a pro coach, gave a large task in rebuilding the aging Eagles. The running attack, once the stoutest in the league, should perk up with the help of Notre Dame's Don Schaefer, who

PITTSBURGH

Steelers



1965 RECORD: Won 4, lost 8. Finished sixth.
1966 EXPECTATIONS: Won 3, lost 5.

COACHES: Head—Walter Kiesling, Assistant—Bill Dudley, Charles Chornack, Nick Scarich, Bill McPuck, Russ Crick.

WATCH FOR: 31, Ted Marchibroda, QB; 39, Gary Glick, DB; 36, Sid Watson, HB; 41, Lowell Perry, HB; 53, John Rager, LB; 63, Dale DeRoff, G; 80, Jack Butler, DB; 81, Elbie Nickel, E.

OFFENSE: Jim Flaks, who guided the somewhat erratic coveiled Steeler fortunes as a quarterback, quit last year to go to Notre Dame as an assistant. The loss may be a blessing in disguise for the Steelers, whose small (5 feet 10) Ted Marchibroda was effective during substitutions. He throws well, runs beautifully when hard-pressed by

WASHINGTON

Redskins



1965 RECORD: Won 3, lost 4. Finished in second place.
1966 EXPECTATIONS: Won 3, lost 5.

COACHES: Head—Joe Kuharich, Assistant—Mike Noveck, Dick Evans, Joe Terrellinski.

WATCH FOR: 14, Eddie LeBaron, QB; 16, Al Dornow, QB; 33, Tom Ransohoff, HB; 28, Joe Scudero, DB; 47, Dick James, HB; 53, LaFerne Torgerson, LB; 66, Gene Brita, E; 89, John Cannon, E.

OFFENSE: The Redskins, with the best attendance line they have had in years, should be able to clear the way for a pair of fine rookie running backs—Tom Ransohoff and Dick James. Eddie LeBaron, a little man, but one of the great magnets of the T, and Al Dornow have both looked effective at quarterback, and the return of Fullback



31. DON SCHAEFER



53. BOB PELLEGRINI



36. SID WATSON



41. LOWELL PERRY



28. JOE SCUDERO



14. EDDIE LEBARON

gives the Eagles some of the rapid power of Steve Van Meter's day. Ted Wapert is a heady runner from halfback. With Dick Belich providing the power, the improved running attack can give new impetus to the passing of veteran Quarterbacks Bobby Thomson and Adrian Bark. Lack of good offensive tackle may hurt.

DEFENSE: The addition of Old Pro Steve Owen, once of the New York Giants, to the coaching staff promises a tough Eagle defense. The 1965 edition had two of the strongest defensive ends in the league in Tom Scott and Norm Willey, plus a big, strong line backed up by agile and immovable Chuck Bednarik, Maryland's Bob Pellegrini adds depth.

1966 SCHEDULE (1965 scores):

Sept. 18—at Los Angeles (21-28)
 Oct. 4—Washington (30-31)
 Oct. 14—at Pittsburgh (7-13)
 Oct. 23—Chicago Cardinals (37-33)
 Oct. 28—at New York (7-31)
 Nov. 4—at Chicago Cardinals (24-24)
 Nov. 12—Pittsburgh (24-49)
 Nov. 18—Cleveland (33-37)
 Nov. 22—San Francisco (no game)
 Dec. 2—at Cleveland (17-23)
 Dec. 9—at Washington (21-34)
 Dec. 15—New York (27-17)

changing lineups and lends welcome variety to a formerly stodgy Steeler attack. Veterans Lynn Chantack, Lowell Perry and Sid Watson provide Kiesling with good running to the outside of tackle. Old Pro Fran Rager is still sturdy enough to punch at the middle. With some relief for him, the Steeler fans can cheer their recent chant, "Hi, diddle, diddle, Rager up the middle."

DEFENSE: The Steeler defense is traditionally rugged and should be so. The addition of Gary Glick, home draft choice, to the defensive backfield plays a heavy spot in the umbrella against air attack; Dick Murrley, a rookie from Purdue, appears a useful addition to the line. Kiesling has the best ball-size the Steelers have known in a long time.

1966 SCHEDULE (1965 scores):

Sept. 20—Washington (14-23)
 Oct. 4—Cleveland (7-30)
 Oct. 14—Philadelphia (13-7)
 Oct. 21—at New York (15-17)
 Oct. 28—at Cleveland (14-41)
 Nov. 4—New York (34-23)
 Nov. 11—at Philadelphia (10-24)
 Nov. 18—Chicago Cardinals (14-7)
 Nov. 25—at Chicago Cardinals (13-27)
 Dec. 2—Los Angeles (28-27)
 Dec. 9—at Detroit (23-31)
 Dec. 16—at Washington (27-33)

Sam Baker from service provides the Washington club with a third good man at that position.

DEFENSE: Coach Joe Kuharich's defensive line is battle-hardened and battle-wise backed by a pair of very tough linebackers in LaFerne Torgerson and Chuck Chastanovich. The 'Skies were hard shippers on the ground last season, yielding just over 100 yards a game to opposing runners, but the pass defense looked badly at times. A quartet of Joe Scudero and North Becker deep with Art De Carlo and Ray Barst up close operated well in exhibition, and they may solve the Washington aerial-defense woes. The line is pegged on an all-pro defensive end, Gene Brita.

1966 SCHEDULE (1965 scores):

Sept. 20—at Pittsburgh (23-34)
 Oct. 4—Philadelphia (31-33)
 Oct. 14—Chicago Cardinals (10-24)
 Oct. 21—Cleveland (14-44)
 Oct. 28—at Chicago Cardinals (31-9)
 Nov. 11—Detroit (no game)
 Nov. 18—New York (20-27)
 Nov. 25—at Cleveland (37-17)
 Dec. 2—at New York (7-35)
 Dec. 9—Philadelphia (24-21)
 Dec. 16—Pittsburgh (35-17)
 Dec. 23—at Baltimore (14-31)

WESTERN CONFERENCE

BALTIMORE

Colts



1966 RECORD: Won 5, lost 8, tied 1. Finished fourth.
1967 EXHIBITIONS: Won 3, lost 2.

COACHES: Head—Weeb Ewbank. Assistant—Herman Ball, Charles Wauer, Frank Connelly, Frank Lester.

WATCH FOR: 14, George Shaw, QB; 21, Billy Veneis, HB; 33, Alan Ameche, FB; 44, Bert Rechichar, DEB; 45, L. G. Dapre, HB; 60, Art Sponey, G; 78, Art Donovan, T; 79, Joe Compasella, G; 76, Don Joyce, E.

OFFENSE: The addition of Hallmarks Billy Veneis (Oklahoma) and Lennie Moore (Penn State) should spice a Colt running attack which in 1965 deposited two men on Alan Ameche's magnificent running up the middle and George Shaw's punting. With the addition of a definite running threat to the outside (last year's fragile



21. ALAN AMECHE 44. BERT RECHICHAR

L. G. Dapre again appears sound), the Baltimore offense should be far stronger. Shaw's aim was off during the exhibition, but will probably improve, and this year he has runs and better receivers. Moore replaces Buddy Young, the doughy five-foot-four-inch Negro halfback who chattered and thilled pro crowds for nine years. Center is the weakest position on an otherwise good offensive platoon.

DEFENSE: The Colts' Perceus Five was one of the stoutest defensive lines in the pro league last year, and, saving the ravages of age, should be again. The secondary defense was somewhat green, except for Bert Rechichar, and porous, but it is hoped that a year's experience will improve this.

1968 SCHEDULE (1968 scores):

Sept. 30—Chicago Bears (20-27)
Oct. 6—Detroit (28-13)
Oct. 14—at Green Bay (24-48)
Oct. 21—at Chicago Bears (16-38)
Oct. 28—Green Bay (14-16)
Nov. 3—at Cleveland (no game)
Nov. 18—at Detroit (14-34)
Nov. 25—Los Angeles (17-27)
Dec. 2—San Francisco (26-14)
Dec. 9—at Los Angeles (14-20)
Dec. 16—San Francisco (24-33)
Dec. 23—Washington (13-14)

CHICAGO

Bears



1966 RECORD: Won 8, lost 4. Finished in third place.
1967 EXHIBITIONS: Won 5, lost 1.

COACHES: Head—Paddy Driscoll. Assistant—Phil Handler, George Contas, Luke Johnson, Ed Lickman, Clark Shaughnessy.

WATCH FOR: 13, Ed Brown, QB; 16, George Blahos, QB; 21, Perry Jeter, HB; 35, Rick Casner, FB; 45, Bobby Watkins, HB; 61, Bill George, G; 78, Stas James, G; 83, M. L. Brackett, T; 83, Bill McCall, E; 87, Harlan Hix, E.

OFFENSE: The Bears, in George Blahos' first year as head coach, nearly caught the Los Angeles Rams in a finishing rush which saw them win eight of their last nine games in 1965 after dropping the first three. They also whipped the champion Rams twice. They have added a wonderful breakaway



21. PERRY JETER 83. M. L. BRACKETT

threat in rookie Perry Jeter, who looked like another Buddy Young in exhibitions. The Bears haven't yet found a really top-notch quarterback, although Ed Brown has developed steadily in the last two years. The offensive line is rated best in the division.

DEFENSE: The Bear game defense was about the worst in the league a year ago, but it has looked much better in the exhibition trials. J. C. Caroline, the fast Illinois halfback who played in Canada last season, has quickly adapted to the intricacies of pro paw patterns and may play a serious back for Coach Paddy Driscoll, who takes over from Hales. A pair of large rookie tackles—John Meliska of Arizona and M. L. Brackett of Auburn—lead now authority to the line.

1968 SCHEDULE (1968 scores):

Sept. 30—at Baltimore (17-20)
Oct. 7—at Green Bay (9-24)
Oct. 14—San Francisco (19-28)
Oct. 21—Baltimore (35-19)
Oct. 28—at San Francisco (34-20)
Nov. 4—at Los Angeles (31-20)
Nov. 11—Green Bay (30-31)
Nov. 18—Los Angeles (24-3)
Nov. 25—at New York (no game)
Dec. 2—at Detroit (24-14)
Dec. 9—Chicago Cardinals (34-30)
Dec. 16—Detroit (21-29)

DETROIT

Lions



1966 RECORD: Won 2, lost 5. Finished sixth.
1967 EXHIBITIONS: Won 1, lost 2.

COACHES: Head—Bobby Parker. Assistant—John Callahan, Buster Harvey, George Wynn, Alde Forte.

WATCH FOR: 23, Bobby Layne, QB; 24, Jack Christiansen, DEB; 40, Howard Canady, HB; 42, Don McIlhenny, HB, 56, Joe Scheldt, LB; 76, Ray Kroese, T; 76, Lou Creekmore, G; 83, Leve Hart, FB-E.

OFFENSE: Bobby Layne, the key to the Lion offense, passed well in the exhibition season, indicating he is finally rid of the shoulder trouble which has bothered him for the last two years. An influx of youth makes the backfield look stronger despite the loss of Deak Walker, who has retired. Another SMU back—180-pound Don McIlhenny



24. JACK CHRISTIANSEN 23. BOBBY LAYNE

—was impressive during preseason games: Hapalag Canada, the Ohio State All-American, proved very handy as a flanker back—the pen's third end. Return of Gene Givens from service will give the Lions quick-hitting fullback power through the middle and release Duane Darns's famous Lion Hart, who has been filling in at that spot in his normal duties at both offensive and defensive end.

DEFENSE: Some part of the reason for the team's amazing drop from first to last in the Western Division in 1965 was due to a sickness at the middle of the defensive line, this year stiffened by the addition of Ray Kroese, 265-pound New York tackle acquired by trade.

1968 SCHEDULE (1968 scores):

Sept. 30—at Green Bay (17-28)
Oct. 6—at Baltimore (13-28)
Oct. 14—Los Angeles (19-17)
Oct. 21—San Francisco (24-37)
Oct. 28—at Los Angeles (13-24)
Nov. 4—at San Francisco (21-48)
Nov. 11—at Washington (no game)
Nov. 18—Baltimore (24-14)
Nov. 25—Green Bay (24-10)
Dec. 2—Chicago Bears (14-24)
Dec. 9—Pittsburgh (25-28)
Dec. 16—at Chicago Bears (34-21)

GREEN BAY

Packers



1955 RECORD: Won 6, lost 6. Finished in third place.
1956 EXHIBITIONS: Won 4, lost 1.
COACHES: Head—Lisle Blackbaurn, Asst.—Ray McLean, Earl Kneifel, Les Symons, Al Sobush.

WATCH FOR: 16, Tackle Rate, QB: Floyd Feld, HB: 37, Howie Ferguson, FB: 44, Bobby Dillon, DHR: 34, Gary Kneifel, E: 56, Bill Hawton, T.

OFFENSE: The Packers have improved their offensive line with the addition of a rookie tackle—Bob Skorupski of Indiana and the purchase of Tackle John Rankin from the Browns. A new spirit of confidence inspires the improved personnel and makes Coach Lisle Blackbaurn feel this is the best team he has had in his three years as coach. Tabin Rata is a very useful passing quarter-

LOS ANGELES

Rams



1955 RECORD: Won 5, lost 5, tied 1. Finished first. Playoff: Lost to Browns, 34-36.
1956 EXHIBITIONS: Won 5, lost 3.
COACHES: Head—Sid Gillman, Asst.—Joe Madio, Jack Fainstein, Lowell Storm.

WATCH FOR: 9, Billy Wade, QB: 11, Norman Van Brocklin, QB: 21, Skeets Quisenberry, HB: 37, Ron Walker, HB: 33, Tank Younger, FB: 48, Elroy Hirsch, E: 43, Ed Sherman, DHR: 48, Les Richter, LB: 61, Duane Putner, G.

OFFENSE: The Rams have an overflowing supply of all the offensive talent needed for a versatile, powerful attack. In Norm Van Brocklin, they have the finest long passer in pro football, and he is backed up by two top ball handlers—Bill Wade and Rudy Ruchick. Skeets Quisenberry and Ron Walker are both fast and shifty at halfback; the fullbacks are veterans Tank Younger, one of the strongest in the league, and Joe Maroon, a 220-pound rookie from West Virginia. Elroy Hirsch, still as dangerous a pass receiver as there is, is only one of a half dozen such ends.

DEFENSE: The only weakness apparent on the team is at one defensive end post, where Frank Falter, being groomed to replace Andy Roberson, broke his leg, leaving only inexperienced personnel available. The linebackers—Les Richter and Larry Morison—are a really fearsome tandem, and the addition of Hugh Pitts, the TCU star, makes this position well stocked, too. The defensive backs, who were more than adequate last season, have returned intact.



16. LES RICHTER



11. RON WALKER

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 26—Philadelphia (23-21)
 Oct. 7—at San Francisco (23-14)
 Oct. 14—at Detroit (17-10)
 Oct. 21—at Green Bay (28-39)
 Oct. 28—Detroit (24-23)
 Nov. 4—Chicago Bears (20-31)
 Nov. 11—San Francisco (27-14)
 Nov. 18—at Chicago Bears (3-24)
 Nov. 25—at Baltimore (17-17)
 Dec. 2—at Pittsburgh (27-28)
 Dec. 9—Baltimore (20-14)
 Dec. 16—Green Bay (31-17)

SAN FRANCISCO

49ers



1955 RECORD: Won 4, lost 6. Finished 5th.
1956 EXHIBITIONS: Won 3, lost 3.
COACHES: Head—Frank Albert, Asst.—Redickey, Phil Houghton, Mark Duncan, Ed Johnson, Joe Vetrone.

WATCH FOR: 11, Earl Morrall, QB: 14, Y. A. Tittle, QB: 34, Joe Perry, FB: 33, John Henry Johnson, HB: 39, Hugh McElhenny, HB: 47, Dick Moegle, HB: 75, Leo Nomellini, T: 74, Bob Tossell, T: 82, Gordy Soltau, E: 84, Bill Wilson, E.

OFFENSE: Frankie Albert was a practicing gridiron magician in his days as quarterback for Stanford and the 49ers, and he may need all his wizard's skill in his maiden venture as a head coach. Bill Johnson, who quit as an offensive center to help Albert as a coach, had to return to his chores



31. BOB TOSELL



11. EARL MORRALL

after the exhibition season. Hugh McElhenny and John Henry Johnson, scarred from 1955 injuries, may take some of the ball-carrying burden off Joe Perry, whose drives up the middle have been bread and butter for the 49ers for years. If Albert can dig up some blocking in the middle, the 49ers can move; they have punting with Y. A. Tittle and Earl Morrall, and top receivers in Gordy Soltau and Billy Wilson.

DEFENSE: The ends and deep backs do not have exceptional speed, leaving them vulnerable to passing. Albert thinks much of his success depends on the defense, where Leo Nomellini can do much to help at tackle—if he chooses to try; Bob Tossell, the other tackle, will.

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 30—New York (no game)
 Oct. 7—Los Angeles (14-23)
 Oct. 14—at Chicago Bears (39-19)
 Oct. 21—at Detroit (27-24)
 Oct. 28—Chicago Bears (23-34)
 Nov. 4—Detroit (38-21)
 Nov. 11—at Los Angeles (14-27)
 Nov. 18—at Green Bay (21-27)
 Nov. 25—at Philadelphia (no game)
 Dec. 2 at Baltimore (14-26)
 Dec. 9—Green Bay (7-38)
 Dec. 16—Baltimore (33-24)



12. ED TOBIN



17. HOWIE FERGUSON

back and a strong runner; Howie Ferguson gives the Packers a thumping threat up the middle.

DEFENSE: The Packers defense was bolstered last year by rookies Nate Borden at defensive end, Billy Bookout at defensive halfback and Tom Bettis at linebacker. This trio is back, and the emergence of Henry Greening, who played end at Baylor last year as a defensive back, makes the Packers pass defense sturdier. A lack of good substitutes may prove wearing for the members of the defense line as the season goes along, but the starters are capable. The secondary defenders were victimized only three times last year on long passes, but allowed too many short completions.

1956 SCHEDULE (1955 score):

Sept. 28—Detroit (20-17)
 Oct. 7—Chicago Bears (24-31)
 Oct. 14—Baltimore (29-24)
 Oct. 21—Los Angeles (30-28)
 Oct. 28—at Baltimore (19-14)
 Nov. 4—Cleveland (10-43)
 Nov. 11—at Chicago Bears (31-32)
 Nov. 18—San Francisco (27-21)
 Nov. 25—at Detroit (24-24)
 Dec. 2—at Chicago Cardinals (31-14)
 Dec. 9—at San Francisco (28-7)
 Dec. 16—at Los Angeles (17-31)

THE GREAT DRAMA: LAST ACT

continued from page 24

strange, bitterly fought game, raged about with umpire-baiting; and 8-6 to Doc Newcombe, but only after closing a 7-2 deficit to one spare run. They were in the season to the last swinging strikeout in the ninth inning to prove their right to pride.

When it was over, Bob Friend, the Pirates' fine pitcher, who worked in all three of the terminal games, spoke of the Dodgers as if they had beaten out Pittsburgh for the pennant, rather than Milwaukee: "They deserved to win," Friend said. "They beat us. They didn't wait for Milwaukee to lose."

Much earlier in the season than September 30 (the date the Dodgers finally clinched the National League pennant—on the final out), the New York Yankees had beaten their American League rivals into submission. The Yanks clinched the pennant on September 18, but that was just the day they moved into the house. They had bought the place back in July. The American League's western teams came East after the All-Star Game and by the time they had returned home, the only items of interest remaining were: could Mickey Mantle hit 60 home runs, could Ted Williams beat Mantle out for the batting title, could Mickey win the race triple crown of batting (best average, most homers, most runs batted in), could the Washington Senators break the St. Louis Browns' 42-year-old record for striking out most times in one season?

It turned out that Mickey couldn't match Babe Ruth's near-legendary 60,

(though his final total of 52 had been bettered by only five men in baseball's long history), but, threatened by Willard's rising average in the waning weeks of the year, he put his bat to the grindstone and won not only the hitting championship but the triple crown as well—first time that had been accomplished since 1947. And the Senators, on the very last day of the season, struck out 34 times and made history. Of sorts.

Perhaps the most significant moment of the year in the American League was May 16, the day they let Sal Maglie go. Sal had pitched only five innings for the Cleveland Indians when he was waived out of the league and over to Brooklyn. He was 39 years old and all through, supposedly. Of course, it turned out he wasn't, and he supplied the Dodgers with not just the fine skill of a most effective pitcher but also with an exciting competitive courage that roused this matinee group of athletes from the lethargy of age and created in them a youthful need for victory. Sal the Barber had become another of the warming legends that make the world of sport wonderful.

There were other things, too, that are easily plucked out of the kaleidoscope of the baseball pageant and remembered from the season, some fondly, some not so fondly. The Cincinnati Redlegs, who finished third behind Brooklyn and Milwaukee, were the team in the major leagues that seemed most to enjoy baseball as a

continued on next page

For those
who buy the best!



**The battery with
new Silver-Metalex
Grid Alloy for
life-long fresh power!**

Now, a battery that maintains a full reserve of factory-fresh power . . . gives years of lightning-quick, dependable starts, regardless of how much—or how little—you drive. It's the all-new . . .

Willard
Super Master

sold, serviced and guaranteed by competent dealers in your neighborhood—and wherever you drive!



"All right, all right. If there's anything I can't stand it's a Monday morning quarterback."

Old Smuggler is what Scotsmen call a very "graceful" whisky, because of its great softness and delicacy of flavour. It is the Scotch with a history, dating back to 1835, and developed with patience and scruple.

[illegible]

REGISTERED BY W. A. LAYTON & CO., N. Y. N. Y. SOLID INSURANCE FOR THE U. S. A.

continued from page 839

game. That is, the Redlegs, professionals like everyone else, tended to approach the game the way small boys might ("This is fun—and they pay you, besides!").

There was Jackie Robinson, once Maglie's most formidable antagonist on the field, now his teammate and very good friend that Sal was on his side. Robinson fielded well and batted well enough for Brooklyn, but on the base line "well" was not the word; there he was, magnificent as always, the most exciting individual thing you could see in baseball in 1955.

There was cheerful Billy Hoelt, the Detroit left-hander, winning 26 games a year, with 21-game winner Frank Lary, giving Detroit Tiger fans a promise of bright things to come; and having, as Frank Strzala might say, a very large time doing it. Joe Falls of the Associated Press tells of Hoelt, in uniform, 20 minutes before going out to pitch against the Yankees, sitting before his locker seriously studying a booklet titled *How to Pitch*.

And there was Cleveland, the saddest place in baseball, where the fans turned with incredible viciousness on Al Rosen, who had once been their most valuable player but who, harassed by injuries, was now only ordinary. Manager Al Lopez bitterly criticized the fans for their attitude toward Rosen. To no avail, though, for as the season ended both Rosen and Lopez were sacrificed to the wolves. General Manager Hank Greenberg first stated publicly that he felt Rosen's value to the Indians, for psychological reasons, had ended; and then he "reluctantly" accepted Lopez' resignation as manager (though "no manager ever resigned," Bucky Harris once said). It was a strange move, a manager like Lopez (five seasons and a first in six years at Cleveland) is a rare commodity. It is unlikely that Greenberg will find a better one, even if he does sign Leo Durocher to the job.

But all these are sides, stage business. Now it is the classic last act of the drama, the World Series. (CROWD)



DOI: 10.1002/for

g - light brown. 24, 26 - markings by stage 27 - faint
28 - 29 - 30 - 31 - 32 - 33 - 34 - 35 - 36 - 37 - 38 - 39 - 40 - 41 - 42 - 43 - 44 - 45 - 46 - 47 - 48 - 49 - 50 - 51 - 52 - 53 - 54 - 55 - 56 - 57 - 58 - 59 - 60 - 61 - 62 - 63 - 64 - 65 - 66 - 67 - 68 - 69 - 70 - 71 - 72 - 73 - 74 - 75 - 76 - 77 - 78 - 79 - 80 - 81 - 82 - 83 - 84 - 85 - 86 - 87 - 88 - 89 - 90 - 91 - 92 - 93 - 94 - 95 - 96 - 97 - 98 - 99 - 100 - 101 - 102 - 103 - 104 - 105 - 106 - 107 - 108 - 109 - 110 - 111 - 112 - 113 - 114 - 115 - 116 - 117 - 118 - 119 - 120 - 121 - 122 - 123 - 124 - 125 - 126 - 127 - 128 - 129 - 130 - 131 - 132 - 133 - 134 - 135 - 136 - 137 - 138 - 139 - 140 - 141 - 142 - 143 - 144 - 145 - 146 - 147 - 148 - 149 - 150 - 151 - 152 - 153 - 154 - 155 - 156 - 157 - 158 - 159 - 160 - 161 - 162 - 163 - 164 - 165 - 166 - 167 - 168 - 169 - 170 - 171 - 172 - 173 - 174 - 175 - 176 - 177 - 178 - 179 - 180 - 181 - 182 - 183 - 184 - 185 - 186 - 187 - 188 - 189 - 190 - 191 - 192 - 193 - 194 - 195 - 196 - 197 - 198 - 199 - 200 - 201 - 202 - 203 - 204 - 205 - 206 - 207 - 208 - 209 - 210 - 211 - 212 - 213 - 214 - 215 - 216 - 217 - 218 - 219 - 220 - 221 - 222 - 223 - 224 - 225 - 226 - 227 - 228 - 229 - 230 - 231 - 232 - 233 - 234 - 235 - 236 - 237 - 238 - 239 - 240 - 241 - 242 - 243 - 244 - 245 - 246 - 247 - 248 - 249 - 250 - 251 - 252 - 253 - 254 - 255 - 256 - 257 - 258 - 259 - 260 - 261 - 262 - 263 - 264 - 265 - 266 - 267 - 268 - 269 - 270 - 271 - 272 - 273 - 274 - 275 - 276 - 277 - 278 - 279 - 280 - 281 - 282 - 283 - 284 - 285 - 286 - 287 - 288 - 289 - 290 - 291 - 292 - 293 - 294 - 295 - 296 - 297 - 298 - 299 - 300 - 301 - 302 - 303 - 304 - 305 - 306 - 307 - 308 - 309 - 310 - 311 - 312 - 313 - 314 - 315 - 316 - 317 - 318 - 319 - 320 - 321 - 322 - 323 - 324 - 325 - 326 - 327 - 328 - 329 - 330 - 331 - 332 - 333 - 334 - 335 - 336 - 337 - 338 - 339 - 340 - 341 - 342 - 343 - 344 - 345 - 346 - 347 - 348 - 349 - 350 - 351 - 352 - 353 - 354 - 355 - 356 - 357 - 358 - 359 - 360 - 361 - 362 - 363 - 364 - 365 - 366 - 367 - 368 - 369 - 370 - 371 - 372 - 373 - 374 - 375 - 376 - 377 - 378 - 379 - 380 - 381 - 382 - 383 - 384 - 385 - 386 - 387 - 388 - 389 - 390 - 391 - 392 - 393 - 394 - 395 - 396 - 397 - 398 - 399 - 400 - 401 - 402 - 403 - 404 - 405 - 406 - 407 - 408 - 409 - 410 - 411 - 412 - 413 - 414 - 415 - 416 - 417 - 418 - 419 - 420 - 421 - 422 - 423 - 424 - 425 - 426 - 427 - 428 - 429 - 430 - 431 - 432 - 433 - 434 - 435 - 436 - 437 - 438 - 439 - 440 - 441 - 442 - 443 - 444 - 445 - 446 - 447 - 448 - 449 - 450 - 451 - 452 - 453 - 454 - 455 - 456 - 457 - 458 - 459 - 460 - 461 - 462 - 463 - 464 - 465 - 466 - 467 - 468 - 469 - 470 - 471 - 472 - 473 - 474 - 475 - 476 - 477 - 478 - 479 - 480 - 481 - 482 - 483 - 484 - 485 - 486 - 487 - 488 - 489 - 490 - 491 - 492 - 493 - 494 - 495 - 496 - 497 - 498 - 499 - 500 - 501 - 502 - 503 - 504 - 505 - 506 - 507 - 508 - 509 - 510 - 511 - 512 - 513 - 514 - 515 - 516 - 517 - 518 - 519 - 520 - 521 - 522 - 523 - 524 - 525 - 526 - 527 - 528 - 529 - 530 - 531 - 532 - 533 - 534 - 535 - 536 - 537 - 538 - 539 - 540 - 541 - 542 - 543 - 544 - 545 - 546 - 547 - 548 - 549 - 550 - 551 - 552 - 553 - 554 - 555 - 556 - 557 - 558 - 559 - 560 - 561 - 562 - 563 - 564 - 565 - 566 - 567 - 568 - 569 - 570 - 571 - 572 - 573 - 574 - 575 - 576 - 577 - 578 - 579 - 580 - 581 - 582 - 583 - 584 - 585 - 586 - 587 - 588 - 589 - 590 - 591 - 592 - 593 - 594 - 595 - 596 - 597 - 598 - 599 - 600 - 601 - 602 - 603 - 604 - 605 - 606 - 607 - 608 - 609 - 610 - 611 - 612 - 613 - 614 - 615 - 616 - 617 - 618 - 619 - 620 - 621 - 622 - 623 - 624 - 625 - 626 - 627 - 628 - 629 - 630 - 631 - 632 - 633 - 634 - 635 - 636 - 637 - 638 - 639 - 640 - 641 - 642 - 643 - 644 - 645 - 646 - 647 - 648 - 649 - 650 - 651 - 652 - 653 - 654 - 655 - 656 - 657 - 658 - 659 - 660 - 661 - 662 - 663 - 664 - 665 - 666 - 667 - 668 - 669 - 670 - 671 - 672 - 673 - 674 - 675 - 676 - 677 - 678 - 679 - 680 - 681 - 682 - 683 - 684 - 685 - 686 - 687 - 688 - 689 - 690 - 691 - 692 - 693 - 694 - 695 - 696 - 697 - 698 - 699 - 700 - 701 - 702 - 703 - 704 - 705 - 706 - 707 - 708 - 709 - 710 - 711 - 712 - 713 - 714 - 715 - 716 - 717 - 718 - 719 - 720 - 721 - 722 - 723 - 724 - 725 - 726 - 727 - 728 - 729 - 730 - 731 - 732 - 733 - 734 - 735 - 736 - 737 - 738 - 739 - 740 - 741 - 742 - 743 - 744 - 745 - 746 - 747 - 748 - 749 - 750 - 751 - 752 - 753 - 754 - 755 - 756 - 757 - 758 - 759 - 760 - 761 - 762 - 763 - 764 - 765 - 766 - 767 - 768 - 769 - 770 - 771 - 772 - 773 - 774 - 775 - 776 - 777 - 778 - 779 - 780 - 781 - 782 - 783 - 784 - 785 - 786 - 787 - 788 - 789 - 790 - 791 - 792 - 793 - 794 - 795 - 796 - 797 - 798 - 799 - 800 - 801 - 802 - 803 - 804 - 805 - 806 - 807 - 808 - 809 - 810 - 811 - 812 - 813 - 814 - 815 - 816 - 817 - 818 - 819 - 820 - 821 - 822 - 823 - 824 - 825 - 826 - 827 - 828 - 829 - 830 - 831 - 832 - 833 - 834 - 835 - 836 - 837 - 838 - 839 - 840 - 841 - 842 - 843 - 844 - 845 - 846 - 847 - 848 - 849 - 850 - 851 - 852 - 853 - 854 - 855 - 856

X-RAY FOR THE 1956 SEASON

For the final week of the season, X-Ray presents its usual weekly inside figures plus a

selection of pertinent statistics for the fans to mull over during the hot store leagues ahead

TEAM PERFORMANCE

Team	Games	Wins	Losses	Runs	Home Runs	Errors	Fielding %	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Boston	151	65	86	577	114	13	.958	.267	3.45
Brooklyn	151	64	87	572	109	12	.957	.265	3.48
Cincinnati	151	63	88	568	107	11	.956	.263	3.51
St. Louis	151	62	89	565	105	10	.955	.261	3.54
Philadelphia	151	61	90	562	103	9	.954	.259	3.57
Pittsburgh	151	60	91	559	101	8	.953	.257	3.60
Pittsburgh	151	59	92	556	99	7	.952	.255	3.63
Chicago	151	58	93	553	97	6	.951	.253	3.66
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
New York	151	66	85	580	116	14	.959	.268	3.42
Washington	151	65	86	578	114	13	.958	.266	3.45
Chicago	151	64	87	575	112	12	.957	.264	3.48
Boston	151	63	88	572	110	11	.956	.262	3.51
St. Louis	151	62	89	569	108	10	.955	.260	3.54
Baltimore	151	61	90	566	106	9	.954	.258	3.57
Philadelphia	151	60	91	563	104	8	.953	.256	3.60
Pittsburgh	151	59	92	560	102	7	.952	.254	3.63
Chicago	151	58	93	557	100	6	.951	.252	3.66

TEAM LEADERS

Team	Player	Position	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Boston	Carlton Fisk	C	151	114	14	.267	3.45
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	151	109	13	.265	3.48
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	151	107	11	.263	3.51
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	105	10	.261	3.54
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	103	9	.259	3.57
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	101	8	.257	3.60
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	151	99	7	.255	3.63
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	97	6	.253	3.66
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
New York	Yogi Berra	C	151	116	14	.268	3.42
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	151	114	13	.266	3.45
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	151	112	12	.264	3.48
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	151	110	11	.262	3.51
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	108	10	.260	3.54
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	151	106	9	.258	3.57
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	104	8	.256	3.60
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	102	7	.254	3.63
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	100	6	.252	3.66

THE SEASON

Team	Player	Position	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Team Batting Avg.	Team Pitching Avg.
NATIONAL LEAGUE							
Boston	Carlton Fisk	C	151	114	14	.267	3.45
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	151	109	13	.265	3.48
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	151	107	11	.263	3.51
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	105	10	.261	3.54
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	103	9	.259	3.57
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	101	8	.257	3.60
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	151	99	7	.255	3.63
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	97	6	.253	3.66
AMERICAN LEAGUE							
New York	Yogi Berra	C	151	116	14	.268	3.42
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	151	114	13	.266	3.45
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	151	112	12	.264	3.48
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	151	110	11	.262	3.51
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	108	10	.260	3.54
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	151	106	9	.258	3.57
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	104	8	.256	3.60
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	102	7	.254	3.63
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	100	6	.252	3.66

MONTH BY MONTH WITH THE LEADERS

Team	Player	Position	Apr.	May	June	July	Aug.	Sept.	Total
NATIONAL LEAGUE									
Boston	Carlton Fisk	C	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
AMERICAN LEAGUE									
New York	Yogi Berra	C	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	15	25	25	25	25	25	150
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	15	25	25	25	25	25	150

RUNS SCORED AND YIELDED

Team	Runs Scored	Runs Yielded	Difference
NATIONAL LEAGUE			
Boston	577	572	+5
Brooklyn	572	568	+4
Cincinnati	568	565	+3
St. Louis	565	562	+3
Philadelphia	562	559	+3
Pittsburgh	559	556	+3
Pittsburgh	556	553	+3
Chicago	553	550	+3
New York	550	547	+3
AMERICAN LEAGUE			
New York	580	575	+5
Washington	578	575	+3
Chicago	575	572	+3
Boston	572	569	+3
St. Louis	569	566	+3
Baltimore	566	563	+3
Philadelphia	563	560	+3
Pittsburgh	560	557	+3
Chicago	557	554	+3

PITCHERS % OF GLOBE VICTORIES

Team	Player	Position	Games	Wins	Losses	Total
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	Bob Feller	P	151	65	86	151
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	151	64	87	151
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	151	63	88	151
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	62	89	151
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	61	90	151
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	60	91	151
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	151	59	92	151
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	58	93	151
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
New York	Yogi Berra	C	151	66	85	151
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	151	65	86	151
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	151	64	87	151
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	151	63	88	151
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	62	89	151
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	151	61	90	151
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	60	91	151
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	59	92	151
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	58	93	151

RUNS PRODUCED

Team	Player	Position	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Total Runs
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	Carlton Fisk	C	151	114	14	128
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	151	109	13	122
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	151	107	11	118
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	105	10	115
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	103	9	112
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	101	8	109
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	151	99	7	106
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	97	6	103
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
New York	Yogi Berra	C	151	116	14	130
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	151	114	13	127
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	151	112	12	124
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	151	110	11	121
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	108	10	118
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	151	106	9	115
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	104	8	112
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	102	7	109
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	100	6	106

THE NOODLES

Team	Player	Position	Games	Runs	Home Runs	Total Runs
NATIONAL LEAGUE						
Boston	Carlton Fisk	C	151	114	14	128
Brooklyn	Tommy Davis	SS	151	109	13	122
Cincinnati	Paul Janicke	1B	151	107	11	118
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	105	10	115
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	103	9	112
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	101	8	109
Pittsburgh	Bob Feller	P	151	99	7	106
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	97	6	103
AMERICAN LEAGUE						
New York	Yogi Berra	C	151	116	14	130
Washington	Monte Irvin	1B	151	114	13	127
Chicago	Paul Richards	2B	151	112	12	124
Boston	Harmon Killebrew	RF	151	110	11	121
St. Louis	Stan Musial	RF	151	108	10	118
Baltimore	Frank Robinson	1B	151	106	9	115
Philadelphia	Sam Rice	2B	151	104	8	112
Pittsburgh	Bill Mazeroski	SS	151	102	7	109
Chicago	Harry Simpson	SS	151	100	6	106



Revolutionary new prism binocular

41% wider field—with unsurpassed brilliance—that's what the incredible new Leitz 6x24 prism binocular gives you. With these glasses you can see both ends of a forward pass at close range... focus on all the action at once. You'll enjoy spectator sports as never before. Pocket-size—only 4 1/2 inches long. Lightweight—only 12% ounces. Like no binocular you've ever seen. With fine leather case and carrying strap.

R. Leitz 6x24 Binocular, \$155 plus tax

ABERCROMBIE & FITCH

367 MADISON AVE., NEW YORK 17, N. Y.
8th FLOOR—TEL. 6-6344—300 WABASH

Grand Marnier

LIQUEUR À L'ORANGE
Product of France
40 Proof



The extra touch
that transforms
good food
into a memorable

eating adventure. Made exclusively with a fine
Champagne Cognac base.

At the celebration...
after dinner,
Grand Marnier provides
without killing.



Write for free recipe booklet,
Saville Importers, Ltd., 85 East 55th St., N. Y.
Sales & Agents

HORSES

by ALICE HIGGINS

Two Cokes for a pony in a \$16 million setting,
and Kentucky State Fair's record crowds cheer

SISTER'S SUCCESS

A TACKLE for the measure of sure greatness in a show horse is where he can win. Certain shows are synonymous with quality competition, and for the Saddlebred no win ranks higher on the measure than a championship at the Kentucky State Fair Horse Show. Always special, it was this year spectacular, not only because quantity as well as quality was present, but because the show finally took place in the coliseum of the long-planned, new \$16 million fairgrounds outside Louisville, in a show ring tailored for the most advantageous exhibition of the horse.

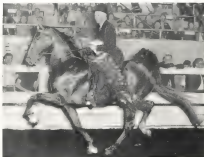
Around the ring, on the walls that supported the tiers of gay boxes, were painted the names of the five-gaited champions of past years, names to conjure up memories of great horses—Mass of Gold, Edna May's King, Chief of Longview, Sweetheart on Parade and, more recently, the extraordinary seven-time winner, Wing Commander. A blank white space awaited the name of this year's champion. But before that climactic moment well over 540

horses and ponies vied for other honors.

One of the show's early events, the fine harness for stallion or gelding, brought together for the first time two famous horses who also happen to be full brothers. Undeclared for over a year, the dazzling Lemon Drop Kid, owned by the Suanynoke Farms of Scott City, Kan., continued his sweep, defeating his younger brother, last year's champion, High Button Shoes. The Kid, whose guidy coloring and airy way always catch the audience's attention as well as the judges' more practiced eyes, moved forward in the glare of two spotlights to get his award—and the term show horse seemed to have acquired added dimension.

The stallion division of the five-gaited stake was only lightly filled, and it was hardly won by last year's winner, Mrs. H. G. Wittenberg's Galant Guy, with Frits Jordan up.

The mare division, on the other hand, was popping with 14 entries, and many felt it was the standout class of the show. After several demanding



LAFFER OF RED ROSES RECREATES EARL YEATER AS HE LEAVES RING ON DREAM WALTZ

workouts the class was tied and the spotlights focused on Delaine Farns's Something Wonderful, ridden by Mrs. Henry Hart Jr.

All eight horses entered in the gelding division appeared for the class, and Lloyd Tester, up on Miss Susan Richtmyer's recently purchased Red Gold, accepted the challenge trophy that had been awarded Dodge Stables' Socks last year.

During the winnowing process for the five-gaited championship stake, other important classes were decided. Jean McLean Davis of Portsmouth, Va. personally won more of the top awards than any other owner—including, in the ladies three-gaited stake, victory on Sashay for the third straight year.

Another kind of a winning record was established in the five-gaited pony division. Thirteen-year-old Lynne Gidder rode her 13-year-old pony, Everlasting Joy, to victory in both the open and stake classes, thus finishing the season undefeated. To Rider Lynne went a large silver bowl for her ever-expanding trophy collection and to her hard-working pony two Cokes, a lemonade, a handful of potato chips and several ice cubes.

The big stake night, during the course of which the fine harness, three- and five-gaited champions would be decided, attracted 13,500, the largest crowd ever to attend a horse show in the state of Kentucky. In the fine harness championship event The Lemon Deep Kid repeated his earlier performance, which was received with such delight that the audience refused to allow him to leave the ring.

The long-awaited event, the five-gaited world's championship, was the last class of the six-day show, and to the strains of My Old Kentucky Home the eight contenders burst into the ring.

Before the first workout was finished, Mrs. Hart pulled Something Wonderful into the center and Trainer Charlie Huston came out to adjust a bit and fix a quarter boot. But the bay mare never did settle, and Mrs. Hart asked and was allowed to leave the ring. If it was a wrong night for one mare it was definitely a right night for another. The full sister of the famous Wing Commander, Dodge Stables Dream Walker, with veteran Rider Earl Tester in the saddle, made a brilliant show at every gait, demanding and receiving the coveted blanket of red roan. For the Dodge Stables and Trainer Tester this was the 11th world's championship—a record that may never be equaled. (EWS)

This amazing new suit keeps you warm without weight or bulk!

You no longer need heavy, bulky jackets, sweaters and pants to stay warm while hunting. The great new U. S. InsulAir Sportster Suit gives you outright warmth—and yet it's amazingly light! Millions of tiny air cells in the insulating material hold in your body warmth, keep freezing air out.



U. S. InsulAir Sportster Suit
• jacket, breeches, pants, hood and pants • compressible heat with insulating material • large patch pockets • room for two sweaters • in navy blue, red, olive green or silver duck pants

U. S. InsulAir Sweatshirt
• classic crew neck
• warm, insulating
• in brown, blue, charcoal, red or green



U. S. InsulAir Vest Warmer
• light, comfortable • well-insulated for extra warmth • in brown, green or olive drab pants, blue or red trousers

U. S. InsulAir Pant
• put it on over an ordinary suit • insulates from rain to water • in black, red, olive drab or grass green

Clothing and Footwear of

U.S. INSULAIR

Insulating Material



United States Rubber

Rockefeller Center, New York 20, N. Y.



BUILDER OF ROLLING ROCK, RICHARD K. MELLON, RECEIVED GOLD CUP 32 YEARS AGO

PICNICS AND JUMPS

For several days around Rolling Rock, hunt racing is the focus of interest. Some 20,000 come to cheer and seize the chance for an end-of-season meal in lovely country

PHOTOGRAPHS BY HANS KNOPP

THE EXTRAORDINARY BEAUTY of its setting in the Loyalhanna Valley, some 50 miles east of Pittsburgh, makes the Rolling Rock hunt race meeting one of the most splendid of its kind. There the blue autumn mists hug the Pennsylvania mountains, and the foliage is barely beginning to turn. The outdoor spectacle is glided by the richest purses of any hunt race meet. Naturally, the best steeplechasers and timber horses are drawn to the site, and present there now are such top contenders as Richard K. Mellon's home-bred Chambourg, and John M. Schiff's Cavalier.

The running of the International Gold Cup, which qualifies its first three winners for England's Grand National, is the meet's most important event, not only in a monetary sense (it is the richest) or in terms of prestige (it is the most difficult), but also for historic reasons. If Richard King Mellon's *Glenvista* had not won the event in 1931, the race and the Rolling Rock course might not exist today.

As it happened, Mr. Mellon's gray gelding was the second winner of a \$4,000 perpetual challenge trophy offered by the King of Spain, Alfonso XIII, as the award in the international steeplechase held at Grandlands, Tennessee. For a

few years it seemed as if he would not only be the second but the last winner, because with the 1931 meet the Grandlands' committee had scraped their last year from the till and could not continue.

At this point Mellon decided to build the course at Rolling Rock, which includes American timber, English hurdles, brush and water jumps—tests for all kinds of fast jumping horses. In between races, possibly as a reminder of the pursuit from which the sport of steeplechasing emerged, fox hunting, the prize-winning hounds of the hunt are paraded.

As spectacular as is the race meeting, as fine as are the horses and hounds of the hunt, these are still only some of the facilities of Rolling Rock, and the Rolling Rock Club

Text continued on page 68

PREFACE PARTING. For spectators is a leisurely picnic on hill overlooking course. For those who do not care to park food, hot lunch and drinks are served to the accompaniment of music from orchestra. Below, riders make ready in paddock, hanging change of riding silks on tree.



EVERING BRUSH in \$10,000 International Gold Cup race, Harle Joe (right) and Rico Knight fight for lead. Event was won by Crag, then owned by Mrs. M. G. Walsh.





RACING DOWN backstretch, the horses are partially obscured by carefully tended trees and shrubs. Seeking for gently rolling courses, open to the public only two days a year, is considered among the most beautiful on the East racing circuit.



HOLDING SADDLE at race meet, stands near R. H. Larkin. Murray (above) walks toward car. Murray rode in the timber event.

HOLDING CUP at race meet, Trainer Melvin Babb presents congratulations from General Melba's class, Mrs. Cordelia S. May.



ROLLING ROCK

continued from page 28

In only a small section of the 18,000 acres comprising the Rolling Rock Farms, home of the Mellons.

The club was originally started by Mr. Richard Bently Mellon, father of Major General Richard King Mellon, as a rural retreat for his friends and family to hunt, fish and ride. From this it steadily developed into an establishment that, in addition to the usual country club necessities—swimming pool and golf course—also boasted stocked trout streams, duck ponds, game birds, deer herds, shooting ranges, ski slopes with lifts and an ice rink at the mountain's summit. The ski and skating facilities are open to the general public, but the remainder of this sportsman's paradise is restricted to carefully selected club members. The major upkeep of the extensive holdings has been provided for in a special trust fund set up by the late Mr. Mellon.

Although the father thought mainly in terms of hunting with a gun, the son was more inclined to hunting with horse and hound, so in the early 1890s he went to England to buy a pack and establish good fox hunting around here. So great was his concern for his new dogs that while on shipboard he made arrangements to have them fed by the head chef. His enthusiasm for the sport aroused such interest that soon the Rolling Rock Hunt was represented in a horse show—for the occasion its members purchased sweater coats but made the error of wearing black ties instead of traditional white stocks. In a relatively short time, however, the hunt could boast one of the outstanding packs in the U.S. as well as take pride in its most properly turned out field.

As a horse-show judge and a breeder of hunters and Thoroughbreds, Mellon gained an enviable reputation. Several of his entries ran in the Grand National at Aintree, greatest of all steeplechases, and his Alake was a winner of the Irish Grand National.

It is through no whim that that Mellon has kept the King of Spain Cup in competition. To the handful of horsemen who work for the minute of triumph in the Rolling Rock winners' circle, his gesture was that of an unusual sportsman. To the thousands of spectators who yearly arrive for a day in the autumn air, to enjoy the rich valley and its equine guests, it was a gesture that has turned a fall day into a great event.

—ALICE HIGGINS

DOUBLE assurance of sharp pictures



(A) Ground-glass focusing.
(B) Monocular focusing.

To get sharp pictures with any camera, you have to focus accurately. With Contaflex this is amazingly easy because:

1. You get a large, bright view of what you are taking.
2. Covered in the field of view are both split-image rangefinder and ground-glass, insuring ultra-sharp focusing.

Simple, isn't it? And Contaflex has a Zeiss Tessar 0.3.8 lens that lets you take pictures in poor light. Speeds to 1/500 second.

At leading dealers. Write for booklet: Carl Zeiss, Inc., 384 Fifth Ave., New York 17

Contaflex

MOST POPULAR SINGLE-LENS REFLEX

The ONE Wine that
Goes with Everything



ALMADÉN California GRENACHE ROSÉ

This is America's most popular red in
back and foreground in a spring garden!

FREE—Quarterly Notes

on wines and vineyards.
Write Almadén Vineyards, P. O. Box 556,
Los Gatos, Cal. 95030

there is only one HARRIS TWEED

pure new
Scottish wool,
spun, hand-woven
and finished
in the
Outer Hebrides.
(Dundee)



HARRIS TWEED is certified
pure by marks on cloth
and labels. Labels read
Dundee W. and are in
distinctive styling and lettering,
a mark of quality and
value in price.



The Harris Tweed Mark is owned and administered
by The Harris Tweed Association Ltd., London, England

For U. S. inquiries

Write 305, 100 E. 42nd Street, N. Y. 17, N. Y.

Your **BIG** moment
SUCCESS
...this is it!



Back to camp with your own big bowhunting buck—and feelin' mighty proud, droppin' him in! And behind it all, glad you decided to GO BEAR, with the best in Bows, Arrows and Accessories. Remember, Bear Archery makers are veteran bowhunters themselves, so this year give yourself a head start. Write Bear Archery Company, Grayling, Mich., for free 20-page catalog 'E'.

See at
EDDIE'S
BOW



For Free Bear's
251 yrs book "E"
FUN WITH BOW
AND ARROW
enclose 25c coin



Bear
GLASS-POWERED BOWS

FOR THOSE WHO WANT THE FINEST

FOOTLOOSE SPORTSMAN

by HORACE SUTTON

In the salubrious air of The Bronx, scented with a secret formula of beer, cigars and mustard, residents thrive on

BAGELS & BASEBALL

TOURISTS crossing the borders of The Bronx to view a baseball game should be advised that, while no visa is needed, The Bronx is an independent province possessed of its own customs, language and national heroes.

It is known as the Borough of Universities, the Borough of Champions, and the Borough of the Bagel. A bagel, which is held in high favor by the local populace, is a heap of dough possessed of such tensile strength that it has been described in certain quarters as a doughnut dipped in cement.

The word champions, a term of native patois usurped last year by Brooklyn, refers to the Bronx Bombers, now the New York Yankees, who, as deft practitioners of the willow, have been 15 times world champions, an unprecedented number of wins which did not commence until they crossed the river from Manhattan in 1923 and began to inhale the Bronx's toxic air.

GENUS BRONXUS

Bounded on three sides by lapping water and on the north by the forest-lands of Suburbia, The Bronx occupies three square miles more than the Republic of San Marino. It is inhabited by 1,000,000 citizens known as Bronxites—which makes it larger than Copenhagen, Madrid or Rome, and it has more people than 17 of the United States.

This populous empire is ruled over by Borough President James Joseph Lyons, a smiling suzerain who has been on the throne since 1933, or just long enough, were he a lesser man, to entertain private thoughts of divine right. Although he admits to the indiscretion of having been born in Greenwich Village, Lyons insists he "migrated early in life, attracted by the attractiveness of The Borough." In a recent interview with this correspondent in the presidential suite of The Bronx County Court House, President Lyons stated, "It was the salubrious climate of The Bronx that first brought people

here from distant places with their aches and pains. The fact that the Yankees are champions is based on the local salubrity, and it is the climate of the community that enables them to stay champions."

Abetted by centuries of salubrious inhalations, Bronxites have developed such special character that President Lyons vows he can pick a contestant from a mixed crowd of neighboring New Yorkers. All he has to do is hear a few spoken words. "There is a little more class to their method of expression," he says. The Bronx accent? "It's symbolic of culture." The Bronx cheer? "It's an uncouth method of expression used by people who are not natives and who are overcome by our climate to such an extent they give vent to an expression that is not tolerated in The Bronx. People coming here are not always in accord with the champions, and they let off steam in this way."

Besides its own cheer (science has called it a "multivibrational beta"), its own flower (forget-me-not), its own cocktail (gin, vermouth and orange juice), and its own Riviera (Orchard Beach), The Bronx, like any other state, has its own famous inn and its own renowned tavern. The tavern is known variously by the name of its owner, Paul Daube, or his sobriquet, "The Dutchman." Located a few blocks from the Stadium on Courtland Avenue, it was opened by Daube in 1924, who dispensed bison, ham-pfeffer and pig's knuckles. "What did I know about baseball?" he says. "They put up a lot of naughts and everybody goes. 'Wow! Wow!'"

Herb Pennack discovered Daube's fest, then came Shawkey, Bob Meusel and Grabowski. "One day the Babe came in with Gehrig. 'Hey, Lou,' he sez, 'I schmeil auserkraut.' I had an odd knuckle. It weighed three and a half pounds. I give it to the Babe. When that pig's knuckle was served the whole place got up. I said to the Babe, 'You better eat that damn t'ing,

you're gonna need all the shrimps you can get.

"Once Rappert brought this Spanish kid from the West Coast and said, 'Let him eat here four or five times a week.' That was Lefty Gomez. He only weighed 134 pounds. Hell, he didn't come here only to eat. He moved in. He sat upstairs with my kids, playing Monopoly and fighting like hell."

While The Dutchman feeds and fathers the players, they are sheltered by the Hotel Concourse Plaza, a 400-room layout which is the only full-fledged hotel in The Bronx. It nestles alongside the Grand Concourse, the local Champs Elysées, a scant three-block walk to the Stadium down an incline known as Lou Gehrig Plaza.

Legend says that Babe Ruth, an early resident, used to walk through its lobby on the way to the park, his spillover clacking on the marble floors. Such silver-tongued orators as President Roosevelt, President Truman and Charles Dillon Stengel have all discoursed from its pedia. The current home of Bill Dickey, Frank Crosetti, Hank Bauer, Andy Carey, Bill Skowron, Elston Howard and other Yankees, it has also been preflight headquarters for Rocky Marciano.

"THIS AIN'T THE BRONX"

Of the Yankee front office, only Chief Scout Paul Krishell still lives in The Bronx, and even he—the other day—was bemoaning the state of local affairs. "This ain't The Bronx any more," he said. "I remember when the Grand Concourse was a dirt road. Turfis were in the backyard, but everybody's terf was in the backyard so what was the difference?" Still, when Mantle lifts one 420 feet into the seats, the roar of the crowd rattles the windows of the Concourse Plaza and residents who inhabit the higher floors can look out to a clear view of horse plate.

Somewhere down there, at the bottom of Gehrig's plaza, under the hubbub, fans are mouthing accounts that are symbolic of culture. "Gidemouda-gees!" they shout at the candy butchers. Great puffs of smoke filter out like London fog across the evening air of The Bronx, and the perfume is a secret formula of beer and cigars and mustard. The platinum lights are stronger than six suns, and they pale a full moon when it hangs over the silver tracks of the IRT. Then there's the windup and the pitch, and there descends a transient stillness so quiet you can hear a kissing marinate up on East Tremont Ave. Brother, that's what you call salubrity. (CNS)



The Evidence Is Most Conclusive

The delightful softness and flavor of Booth's House of Lords are sufficient to convince any unprejudiced man it is the world's finest dry gin—the essential ingredient of the perfect Martini. Many consider it almost a crime to use anything else.

**BOOTH'S
HOUSE OF LORDS
DRY GIN**

Get World Famous DRY GIN
DISTILLED FROM 100% GRAIN
NEUTRAL SPIRITS & 84 PROOF

Imported by W. A. Tischer & Company, New York, N. Y. Sole Distributors for the U. S. A.



Left: Golf jacket with non-irradiable color. In natural, charcoal, ivory, stone, 515. Right: Country Land Jacket. Natural. About 320. Sizes 36 to 46. For stores that are near you, write to Londonina Mfg. Co., Empire State Bldg., N.Y. 1.

It's Dacron/Cotton "Celvex Cloth", another remarkable Reeves fabric. The makers of London Fog raincoats and jackets choose it for its carline wash-and-wear qualities... for the wonderful way it wards off wind, shrugs off showers and repels wrinkles. Wash it again and again, this steady fabric is Zelon-treated for really durable water-repelling. Here, in two all-weather jackets by

LONDON FOG

Jackets by REEVES BROS., Inc., New York 10, N. Y.

FAREWELL TO THE BABE

Babe Didrikson Zaharias, the greatest woman athlete of modern times, died last week of cancer. Here a long-time friend and admirer recalls her life and her deeds

by PAUL GALLICO



It is now close to 25 years since I first laid eyes on Babe Didrikson in the lobby of the Chapman Park Hotel in Los Angeles upon the occasion of the 1932 Olympic Games. She was then a rawhide kid of 18 with short-cut, sand-colored hair, a well-defined Adam's apple and a faint down on her upper lip. I watched her "up" to a big girl who was wearing the jacket of an Olympic competitor, pin her with her gray-green eyes and announce levelly—"Ah'm gonna whup yo' tomorrow."

We sportswriters thought that this was cockiness. There was no way for us to know at the time that it was just a simple declarative sentence spoken by a simple declarative person. It took all of us some time to find out that this little girl from Fort Arthur, Texas who was apparently not made like other little girls of sugar and spice, but instead, of whiplash, steel springs and Moral metal, enclosing the heart of a lioness, had also the makings of an extraordinary woman.

None of us who watched this unknown and unheralded youngster foresee that she would become the greatest woman golfer that ever lived, a champion of champions, and then thrill a nation with the courage and gallantry of her battle against cancer.

There were many sports in which the Babe excelled superlatively—all track and field events, basketball and golf—but there was hardly any game at which she could not perform creditably, or at which she could not have become a champion, and these included swimming, diving, billiards, lacrosse, bowling and tennis. But she also invaded the men's fields. Her record for throwing a baseball still stands. She could pitch, hit and cover a bag. She could peg a football and kick left-footed. Once she even thought of boxing. Nothing came of it, but it is recorded that when she threw a punch it wasn't a roundhouse or a fly-swatter like a woman, but straight down the old trolley wire à la Rocky Gibraltar, a sharpshooter of our era.

While it is true that some of the Babe's track and field or Olympic records, with the exception of the baseball

throw, are still on the books today, no girl before or since has matched her record of events won in a diversity of sports. Nor had any other woman even approached her in the number and caliber of golf championships captured, some of them played while suffering from pain, illness and physical handicaps that would have seen most grown men laid up in the hospital.

Competitively, the record she brought to Los Angeles in 1932 has never been equaled. I refer to her performance on July 14, 1932 at the National Women's AAU Track and Field Championships and Olympic tryouts at Evanston, Illinois, in which she was entered by herself as a one-woman team representing the Employers Casualty Company, of Dallas, Texas.

Singledanded the Babe won the team title with an aggregate of 30 points. In second place was the famous Illinois Woman's AC, with 22 points, collected by a full complement of girls.

Now consider that in such comprehensive competitions as pentathlons or decathlons, the entrants usually excel in one or two events, are good in several more and do the best they can in the others. Thus there is a balance and the battle tends to even out. But in this incomparable performance, the girl, barely turned 18, was pitted against the best specialists in the entire country in each event, never less than half a dozen of them and sometimes two and three from one team.

On that day the Babe staged and won a private octathlon. She entered eight of the 10 events scheduled. Five of these, the 80-meter hurdles, the baseball throw, the shot-put, the broad jump and the javelin toss she won outright; and in the high jump, although she equaled the world record jump of winner Jean Shiley, she was just nose out of a tie. She placed fourth in the discus throw, picking up another point. During the course of the afternoon she set three world's records and was shut-out only in the 100-meter dash, when she was just ripped in the semifinal heat.

I cannot think of any male athlete with the possible

exception of old Jim Thorpe who has come even close to spread-eagling a track meet all by himself in this manner.

Two weeks later the Babe went to the Olympics in Los Angeles. Allowed to participate in only three events, against the best women of every nation she won two of them, setting world's records in each, the javelin throw and the 80-meter hurdles. She was languaged out of the third, the high jump. After she tied with Jean Shiley for first place, at a world-record height, Babe cleared the bar in the jump-off but was ruled to have dived over. Thus she lost the record and the event. The rule that she used, incidentally, is legal today.

But prior to these events this wonderful little girl, the sixth child born to a poor Norwegian cabinetmaker and his wife who emigrated to Port Arthur, Texas, later moving to Beaumont, had already been a star basketball player named three times on the women's All-America team, a high scorer who in one game is recorded to have tanked the ball for an individual total of 106 points. And she was likewise a home run hitting star in soft ball, a crackerjack at pool and billiards and good enough at swimming and high diving to appear in exhibitions.

All this, however, was only the beginning of a career that was to take her to an all-time record as a golf champion, including the distinction of becoming the first American girl to break the jinx and win the British Women's Amateur championship.

Much has been made of Mrs. Zaharias' natural aptitude and talent for sports, as well as her competitive spirit and indomitable will to win, with both of which she was endowed in full measure. But not nearly enough has been said or written about the patience and strength of character expressed in her willingness to practice for endless hours, and her recognition even as a child that with all her natural ability she could reach the top and stay there only by means of incessant drill and hard work.

"Ah'm gonna whup yo'"

The hours of practice the Babe devoted in her life to various games ought to be made compulsory reading for every fresh kid who can swim, skate, run, ski a little or is handy at sports and thinks that all he or she needs to do is get out there and the opposition will swoon away. When the Babe leveled on a sister athlete and harked, "Ah'm gonna whup yo'" it wasn't brag (though an element of gamesmanship and psychological attack was involved). She had put in the necessary hours of slavery to perfect her form and to be able to deliver the goods; and she just knew she could.

At 16, preparing for her first track and field meet, she would work two hours in the afternoon with her teammates and then go out alone after supper and practice from two to three hours more until darkness enveloped her, working on her step-timing for the jumps, her balance in the weight events and her starts in the sprints.

She learned golf the same way. The first full game she ever played followed the 1932 Olympics when she paired with Grantland Rice against Olin Dutra and the writer at Brentwood. She had a fine natural swing and could paste the ball as far as a man, but that isn't golf and the Babe knew it. When she decided to go in for the game seriously, she took lessons, drilled and practiced for hours an end until her hands were a mass of blisters. She taped and bandaged them and kept on, stopping only when the bandages became soaked with blood.

In the spring of 1935 while she was working for her old

friends, the Employers Casualty Company in Dallas, this was her schedule:

Up at 5 in the morning and practice from 5:30 to 8:30. Report at the office at 9. During the lunch hour, putt on the carpet in the boss's office and chip balls into his leather chair. After work, back to the golf course hitting balls until dark. Thus it went, until the pain in her hands made another shot impossible. At night she would go to bed with the rule book.

It was the same story when in 1940 Babe took up tennis during the probationary period in which she was regaining her amateur golf status. Married by then to George Zaharias and living in California, she took lessons, played matches and practiced against a backboard from morning until night, for a year and a half. Had she continued, nothing could have kept her from the national championships.

But entangled as she was in the tangle of the most ridiculous set of amateur rules ever devised, Babe quit tennis when the sportsman running the game advised her that because she had been ruled a pro in golf she was likewise a pro in tennis. So she devoted the same long hours to bowling and became good enough to bowl major league teams in California.

Golf, however, was where Babe Didrikson reached her greatest heights. Who will ever duplicate her most impossible feat of winning 17 major golf tournaments in a row, including the National Women's Amateur, Tim O'Shanter All-American, North and South, Augusta, Titleholder tourney, Broadmoor, Texas Women's Open, and finishing the sweep by capturing the British Women's Amateur championship? Only a golfer who has known the agonizing treachery of which his nerves and body are capable in letting him down in tight corners can appreciate the accumulative tension of extending a winning string of tournaments of match play against the best girl and woman golfers culled from a nation of over 143 million people and crowning this achievement by winning the one

reloaded on next page



WITH HUSBAND George Zaharias Babe listens to recorded goodwill messages in Texas hospital room after her second operation.

FAREWELL TO THE BABE

continued from page 47



IN BASKETBALL, Babe was a three-time All-American star.



IN TRACK she outscored whole teams of skilled competitors.



IN GOLF, she swept 17 consecutive tournaments in four years.



AT HOME, she was a quiet housewife, loved gardening.

THE BABE'S RECORD

BASKETBALL

1934: High jumper at Tournament High girls' team, 1930, 1931 and 1932; Named All-American while playing AAU basketball with Employers Casualty Company, Dallas.

TRACK AND FIELD

1931: Won and set world's record in broad jump, hushed three and 58-meter hurdles at AAU meet, Jersey City, 1932; At AAU meet and Olympic tryouts in Chicago as the "cotton-bush team" (representing the Employers Casualty Company), single-handedly won the national all-team championships with 32 points, broke her previous world's records in javelin throw, 58-meter hurdles, and shared high jump world's record with Jess Shiley. Qualified for three points on women's Olympic team to compete in Los Angeles two weeks later. In 1932 Olympians scored more individual points than any other participant and broke three world's records in the events women, the javelin throw, 58-meter hurdles and the high jump, though she was later disqualified and

lost first place in high jump on a technicality.

GOLF

1934: Entered Fort Worth Invitational, won qualifying medal but was later eliminated. 1935: Won Texas Invitational, was rated a pro by the U.S.G.A. 1936: Won the Western Open and Texas Open. 1938: Regained amateur status in golf. 1939: Won Western Open. 1940: Successfully defended Western Open, Texas Open, won Broadmoor Invitational. 1940-41: Set an all-time record with 17 straight tournament wins, including Texas, Birmingham, Tam O'Shanter All-American, National Amateur, Texas Open, Telescribe tournament at Augusta, and Tampa Open. 1941: Became first American to win British Women's Amateur Championship. 1942: Won Tam O'Shanter All-American Open, Tam O'Shanter "World Championship" and Western Open. 1950: Won the Texas Open for her fourth time. 1951: Played in first tournament after operation. 1954: Won Berlin tournament, National Open and Tam O'Shanter All-American.

that had defied American girls for close to half a century.

Nor must it be forgotten that when the Babe had finished this grueling struggle, she was the darling of the Seats and Britons in the gallery, as well as the pet of the whole village of Gullane. She not only beat the best they had; she made them love her.

And this is perhaps the clue as to why it may be another 50 or 75 years before such a performer as Mildred Didrikson Zaharias again enters the lists. For even if some yet unborn games queen matches her talent, versatility, skill, patience and will to practice, along with her flaming competitive spirit, and manages, let us say, to run an unbroken string of tournament victories in her specialty to 24, there still remains the little matter of courage and character, and in these departments the Babe must be listed with the champions of all times.

Indeed her unique quality has been noted, for in addition to being chosen Woman Athlete of the Year by the Associated Press poll of sportswriters and broadcasters for the years 1932, 1945, 1946, 1947 and 1950, she was named the woman athlete of the half century.

In 1951 Mildred Zaharias was stricken with cancer and suffered one of the most dangerous and excruciating of all operations, a colostomy. Yet just three and a half months after the operation, this incredibly brave and unquenchable girl was back on a golf course again in competition in the Tam O'Shanter All-American championship in killing midsummer heat in Chicago.

She did not win it. The miracle was that she fought her way back that far. Her presence on that first tee was an act of heroism that should have been rewarded with the Congressional Medal of Honor. The value of her example in inspiration to others, and the magnificence of the banner she waved aloft to those of less courage and steadfastness, cannot be overestimated.

Ten months after her operation, the Babe won the Berlin Tournament in Florida, and that same year, 1954, took the National Women's Open and this time, the Tam O'Shanter "All-American" too.

She never spared herself

The following year all of her splendid courage was called upon again. The trouble was that she had too much of it. No longer the wiry rashide tomboy of 18 who could practice and compete all day and dance all night, Babe was now a mature woman of 41 who had never spared herself. On a car trip vacation with two girl friends on the Texas coast she ruptured a disk in her spinal column getting the car out of mud when it got stuck. In agony with the pain in her back, she played in three more tournaments, winning one at Spartanburg, South Carolina before she was finally forced into the hospital for an operation on the ruptured disk.

Hospitalized again late in 1955 for a recurrence of cancer, her fiery fighting spirit remained undimmed and the golf clubs still accompanied her. During her first operation and again for her second they stood in the corner of her room where she could see them, play mentally over old courses, plan to correct old mistakes. They were her beloved tools, and they will forever be with her. Without them she would surely be remembered, but with them she carved herself an imperishable niche in the great American world of sports, and likewise in the hearts of all of us who loved her for what she was, a splendid woman. (END)



It's a deal! (He's got The Hertz Idea)

Smart businessman. When he has an important appointment—that won't wait—he rents a Hertz car!

All you do is call your local Hertz office—any of over 1,000 in more than 700 cities. You can reserve a sparkling, new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Air or other fine car for as long as you like. That's The

Hertz Idea! Drive it as your own. Just show your driver's license and proper identification—it's yours!

Cost? The national average rate is only \$7.55 a day plus 8 cents a mile (lower by the week). That includes all gasoline, oil, even proper insurance. And Hertz honors air, rail, most all hotel credit cards;

Diners' Club and Hertz charge cards. So listen, next time or anytime you need a car, call Hertz. We're listed under "H" in phone books everywhere. Hertz Rent A Car, 215 South Wabash Avenue, Chicago 4, Illinois.



More people by far... Use
HERTZ
 Rent a car

Hertz has new Powerglide Chevrolet Bel Airs (or other fine cars)—just like your own!



THE ONE-SHOT KILLER

Custom-built for big-game hunters, Roy Weatherby's revolutionary new high-velocity rifle can drop an elephant with a single bullet

by MARTIN KANE

THE AFRICAN WHITE HUNTER'S profession calls for composure in the face of danger and enough aerial restraint at other times to put up with all but the more freakish fancies of his clients. He is a man not easily appalled. Still, these past few seasons he has been dismayed by a trend that runs counter to all he knows about shooting African big game.

What a rhino or Cape buffalo needs, he knows, is a good old English double-barreled rifle—something on the order of, say, the .600 Cordite, which weighs 14 pounds and shoots a 900-grain bullet. But some brass parvenus of the sport, and even some who should know better, are turning up on safari these days equipped with mere eight-pound rifles, shooting mere 300-grain bullets. Little more than pushovers, really. Mostly Americans, of course.

The cause of this vexation in the veldt is a Kansan named Roy Weatherby, a tall and friendly pink-cheeked man who was selling automobile insurance in California a few years ago, but now makes hunting rifles. The owner of a .375 Weatherby Magnum likes to think, as Weatherby himself proclaims, that it is "the world's most powerful big-game repeating rifle." His .375 magnum is only a little behind the .378, says Weatherby; and he personally likes his .300 magnum best of all for most purposes, though its heaviest bullet weighs only 220 grains, as against 300 grains for the other two. Alongside the traditional heavyweights of African hunting, such bullets have a puny look.

Not so puny, however, is the powder charge behind them. A mass of modern slow-burning powder, very unlike the spaghetti-shaped Cordite explosive, blasts the little bullets out of the Weatherby cartridge at such extreme velocity that, says their maker, it more than makes up for the difference in bullet weight and even for a fairly profound difference in muzzle energy. The .600 Cordite delivers 7,400 pounds of muzzle energy, and the .378 Weatherby Magnum some 1,800 pounds less. Despite the difference, Weatherby insists, his bullets have more shocking power—more than enough to kill with one well-placed shot any of the world's big game, quite enough to kill with even one badly placed shot some of the lesser big-game animals. It is in the sort of claim that leads to right-long argument, but

Weatherby makes out an excellent case. He kills big game instantly with one shot.

The African white hunter's confidence in the ballistic sanity of Yankee riflemakers has been renewed recently by Winchester's introduction of its .458 Model 70, The African, designed to take care of elephant and rhino with a heavy bullet of the kind the African hunter knows and respects. This brute throws a 600-grain bullet with a muzzle energy of 5,610 foot-pounds. It, too, has made one-shot elephant kills and, according to an African game warden, has been seen to bring down an elephant, stopping him instantly, with a frontal shot between the eyes. Such a placement requires that the bullet penetrate two feet of honeycombed bone and, with lower rifles, is something to be avoided. The rifle, weighing 9½ pounds, may be used with a 500-grain soft point on such game as tiger or with the heavy, steel-jacketed 600-grain Full Patch on elephant and rhino.

Like the Weatherby Magnum, the Winchester .458 uses modern powder, instead of the Cordite preferred in Britain. To Weatherby, the velocity-lover, its muzzle velocity of 2,128 feet per second is heretically slow. Weatherby's fondness for velocity takes some explaining, and so, for that matter, does Weatherby himself.

The man who designed this rifle was hindered neither by established ballistic theory nor by any regard for austerity of design. Custom buyers can get from him a rifle as gaudy as the Mardi Gras-ed Imperial with selen upshottery that Weatherby drives; but for all that the decked-out Weatherby rifle dazzles the appraising eye, the end result is a thing of beauty in its own assertive way, as American as a loud shirt in Texas.

There has been a tendency among some of the rifle fancy to look upon this newsmen Weatherby, this insurance man turned rifemaker, as an upstart. Weatherby bears on his soul the bramble scratches of the pioneer. He has a great deal to live down. He was born, for instance, in Kansas, a state which has no big-game hunting, not even for deer. He never even saw big game until 1933, when, at the age of 29, he shot a mule deer in Nevada. And his first boyhood weapon was a Daisy air rifle, a prize he earned by

(not continued on page 32)

IN HIS LOS ANGELES HOME, ROY WEATHERBY HOLDS THE RIFLE THAT HAS MADE HIS NAME A SPORTING BYWORD

THE CRAFT AND BEAUTY OF WEATHERBY RIFLES



MESQUITE STOCK with basket-weave checkering ornaments this beautiful .308 Magnum. The gun's inlay is of ivory and ebony and the floor plate and trigger guard are engraved gold. Mounted with a Weatherby 4X Imperial scope: \$899.50.



MYRTLEWOOD STOCK, also with basket-weave pattern, is featured on this .308 Magnum. The forearm inlay is of purple heart and tulipwood and there is a gold monogram inlay in the butt stock. With same scope as the rifle above: \$759.50.



BIRCH-EYE MAPLE STOCK on this custom .308 Magnum has monogram plate of gold inlay. Side inlay is of ivory and ebony. Forearm tip and pistol grip cap are African Blackwood. With a 4X Weatherby scope this piece is valued at \$1,000.



WALNUT STOCK for this custom .307 Magnum has basket-weave checkering. The butt stock and forearm inlay are of ivory and ebony and there is a gold monogram plate. Equipped with a Weatherby 6X Imperial scope it is priced at \$784.50.

THE ONE-SHOT KILLER

continued from page 71

selling garden seeds to wheat farmers. His introduction to hunting was one of those Kananay coyote drives—farmers gathered around the perimeter of a mile-square section and working inward, shooting jack rabbits on the way to confuse the coyotes. Roy's self-assigned function: to put wounded jack rabbits out of their misery.

"I guess I must be normal," he says, pondering the old question as to whether hunting is a cruel sport. "I've always been tenderhearted about animals."

It was that sentiment, he thinks, that set him on the search for a rifle that would guarantee an instantaneous kill, with even a misplaced bullet. But long before then he had been interested in rifles. About 1905, when he took up bench-rest shooting and hand-loading, he began studying ballistics in books and pamphlets he obtained from the Government in Washington.

"I worked out a theory," he says, "that if you got a bullet traveling fast enough it would disintegrate inside the animal and not just expand. If the bullet merely expands going into the animal, the animal will die quickly only if the bullet hits a vital organ. If it doesn't hit a vital organ the animal will just bleed to death. That makes for suffering. And hunters are mostly inescapable of following a blood trail."

Weatherby decided that a superfast bullet propelled by the biggest practical powder charge would give him the shocking power for a mercifully quick kill. For speed he sacrificed bullet weight. This was a simple approach to a complex problem, but, after all, Weatherby is a man who used to sell can openers from door to door. He thinks simply and still dares to call himself a ballistician. "The real ballisticians is a physicist," he says.

"You can get power in a rifle pretty much the way you get power in an automobile," he says. "The more gas, the more power. Well, in bullets, the more powder the more power."

The result is that a Weatherby Magnum is something like one of those hopped-up Studebakers of a few years back which, concealing a Cadillac engine under the hood, would sputter like a thief away from a stop light, leaving behind a low, throaty exhaust murmur, a smell of raw gasoline and just an echo of a cackle from the driver's seat.

"The big thing," Weatherby says,

"is to use enough modern, slow-burning powder and to shape your case to the burning characteristics of the powder. About 1940 I started making cartridge cases of different shapes and larger capacities. I was still selling auto insurance then. On nights and weekends I worked on my cartridge cases."

"I had to have a chronograph to test my velocities but I didn't have the money to buy one. I built it myself, and tested it with existing ammunition of known velocity. Then I tried it with my own ammo. I kept changing shoulders on cases and trying different powders in different case shapes."

By 1943, Weatherby was ready to try out his handmade bullets on game in Utah. He had rechambered a Winchester .370 to take his magnum loads.

Choice: insurance or rifles?

"I had a party of friends with me and when they shot deer with my rifle the deer dropped like lightning no matter where they were hit," he says. "That started the business. Pretty soon I was rechambering rifles for friends and friends of friends."

"I had to hire a girl to answer letters and buy a Sears, Roebuck lathe for \$198. I started chambering rifles so they could take this ammunition. That went on for a few months but I had to decide whether to stay with it. It was getting away from me. I was making damn good money with the insurance company and living pretty well. But in September 1945, I opened a sporting goods store. I waited on customers out front and worked on guns in the back. Then I hired a girl for the office and men for the back, added a piece of equipment here and there, and many a day I was afraid of the sheriff. I damn near starved. I cut my living expenses down to a quarter of what they had been."

Eventually Weatherby bought out a barrelmaker and a company "with a wonderful stock infletting machine."

"I had nothing to buy them with," he explains, "so I incorporated."

Incorporation brought him financial backing, which bought him more equipment and in time Weatherby was turning out not just rechambered rifles but the kind of rifle he had dreamed of and, with ornamentation, dressed up to kill with meretricious dispatch. Now he grosses \$1 million a year but until recently was gloomily convinced that, sooner or later, "like every other custom rifemaker," he'd have to turn to something else to make a living.

"All the oldtimers went broke," he says.

To combat that prospect, a few years ago he began turning out a semi-production rifle selling for much less than his custom rifles. Today 90% of Weatherby's customers are ordinary hunters who scrape together the \$250 or so it takes to buy the Weatherby Magnum Deluxe (nonsporting) grade. For this, the hunter gets a minimum of fancy inlays of tropical wood but, at the same time, a high-velocity, flat-shooting, walnut-stock rifle which, before it left the factory, was required to deliver a five-shot group not exceeding 1½ inches at 100 yards. To prove the performance, the test target is shipped with the rifle.

Such accuracy is far from common in hunting rifles, especially in the big-game category. A handmade double-barreled Holland & Holland magnum, built by venerable British craftsmen who prefer the hammer, chisel and file to modern machine tools, is considered good enough if it sprays its big bullets over a four-inch area at 100 yards. This is due largely, of course, to inherent difficulties of double-barrel construction.

There are other refinements in this standard-grade (Deluxe) Weatherby. Its barrel, for example, is of a special hard chrome molybdenum steel developed by the Timken roller-bearing people whose Board Chairman Henry Timken Jr. is a Weatherby rifle enthusiast. (So, for that matter, is Mrs. Timken.) Partly because of the boss's keen interest, Timken engineers developed a barrel steel which, Weatherby says, is more stable than other rifle steels, more easily worked, gives better accuracy and is so hard that chrome lining no longer is necessary to extend barrel life for his hot loads. Weatherby drills and reams the barrel with precision machinery, rifles it with the only Lapointe broach west of the Mississippi, laps it by hand and gives it a mirror polish before bluing. Its imported Mauser action is reheat-treated and the trigger replaced with a Timney or Jaeger adjustable trigger. The stock's fore-end tip and pistol grip cap are of East Indian rosewood, with white line spacer and diamond inlay of contrasting wood. The finish is a unique two-component resin, without oils or plasticizers, applied in 10 to 15 coats with a rubdown between each coat. The result is a clear, hard gloss that resists wear and does not change color. The stock

continued on next page

continued from page 77

is hand-checked, and the barrel is bedded to it with expert care.

That is quite a lot to get for \$254, especially as the standard (Deluxe) barreled action alone costs \$155. For a hand-honed custom action, which includes checkered bolt knob and dam-ascened bolt and follower, the price is \$185.

After that, things start costing extra. The most distinctive and the most expensive of the Weatherby stocks is made of California mesquite. Suitable mesquite is rare and getting rarer. Weatherby is convinced that some day the mesquite-stocked rifle will be a collector's item.

"It takes about 100 years to grow a piece of mesquite good enough for a stock," he says, "and it's getting harder to find every year. It is strong and hard because it grows under conditions that would kill other woods. It has learned to get along without moisture. It makes a wonderful stock."

Base price for a mesquite stock is \$210 but, if you want it to fit your own specifications of drop, pitch, cutoff and length of pull, you pay for that, too. Quite a few customers make the long pilgrimage to South Gate, Calif. (about five miles from downtown Los Angeles) from all over the country to be fitted.

Fitting can be as precise as you want it, but Weatherby says he can do almost as well by mail if the customer will let him know his weight, height and sleeve length and whether he is full or thin of face.

A fancy walnut stock is cheaper than mesquite but still costs \$140 base price. Superlucy walnut, maple or myrtle stocks can be had for \$185. The maple may be bird's-eye, quilted, tiger-tail or flame.

Most of the rest is decoration, barrel engraving and such. A variety of checkering patterns and inlays are available for the stocks or can be designed to order. The Shah of Iran, who paid \$1,380 for his rifle, had a map of his country inlaid in ivory on his mesquite butt stock. The royal crest was engraved inside the map.

As a result of all this, Weatherby rifles are owned by Ernest Hemingway; several Indian maharajahs; ex-President Miguel Alemán of Mexico (who took five); Ed C. Quinn, president of the Chrysler Sales Division of the Chrysler Corporation; Arthur Godfrey; Air Force Generalis Naze Twining and Curtis LeMay; Professor Dr.

Heinz Nordhoff, Volkswagen president; William K. Whiteford, president of Gulf Oil; Prince Abdoerraza Pahlavi of Iran; Gary Cooper; Bob Waterfield, former Los Angeles Rams quarterback; and Eddie (Rooftop) Anderson.

Driving along Wilshire Boulevard's Miracle Mile in an expensive mood, Weatherby is inspired by such a clientele to exclaim that he knows "damn few" important big-game hunters who can afford a Weatherby who don't own one. Passing the May Company store, he points out that Wilbur May owns a Weatherby. Passing Ohrbach's department store, he remarks that J. K. Ohrbach owns a Weatherby.

He is proud, too, that rifles made by the back-silly ballisticsian can now be bought in such far places as Bangkok and Léopoldville, Alaska and Ireland, along with ammunition to fit.

This success has been achieved suddenly but not without pain. In fact, pain recurrently tortures Weatherby's face when he considers that not all hunting experts have been converted to his magnum velocity ideas. The slow, heavy-bullet man has been a trial to Weatherby, not only in Africa but in the United States. There is the persistent allegation that the high-velocity bullet destroys a lot of meat (it does if poorly placed), shatters on impact with twigs (high-speed bullets are not generally good for brush-hunting) and has a muscle blast that frightens farmboys who might otherwise be willing to allow hunters onto their land, even though a disintegrating high-velocity bullet is far safer to farm animals and people than a stoicking .22 rim fire.

What really makes him writhes, though, is the widespread notion that all high-velocity bullets will break up on impact with animal hide. To answer this, he first points out that the Weatherby Magnum bullet is too well constructed to do so. Then he brings out a picture of a piece of half-inch armor plate. There are nine bullet holes in it, all made by Weatherby bullets, alongside a number of dents and smears made by other hunting bullets and even by a .50 caliber machine-gun slug and a .30-06 "armoe-piercing" bullet. The plate had been set up at a distance of 100 yards.

"Any Weatherby Magnum bullet," he says, "from the .220 Rooster to the .378 will pierce this plate. There is no other commercial ammunition that will do it. It stands to reason that animal hide won't stop one of my bullets."

And, he says, he knows of no case where animal hide has done so.

That business about the 400 Cordite, with its 7,000 foot-pounds of muzzle energy, bothers him too. The Weatherby Magnum .378 has a muzzle energy of 6,000 foot-pounds.

"But," says Weatherby, "the .400 Cordite does not have the killing power of the faster, lighter .378 bullet. Because of its modern powder, bullet shape, weight and other factors the .378 Magnum bullet travels at 3,400 feet per second. At 300 yards its trajectory is only four inches. At hunting range, where energy counts more than at the muzzle, it is far superior in killing power."

He thinks he proved this in 1953, when he brought down the first elephant ever shot with a .378. (Others have scored one-shot elephant kills with a .300 Weatherby Magnum.) He brought to Africa just 10 cartridges he had made himself by hand. The brass had been turned on lathes at a cost of \$10 or \$15 a round. That night, after the hunt, he sat down at a Dictaphone and described the day.

The doubling white hunter

"I gave my white hunter (Pitman Holmes) no alternative this morning, so he felt that we could drive about 10 miles to a valley and then about 10 miles up the valley where some place along the line we could pick up elephant spear.

"Well, as we were rocking across the wet hills and boulders, one of our boys bellowed, 'Elephant!' and points off to the left. It's a bull. The tanks will go about 80 or 90 pounds. Well, the days of the 100- and 240-pound tanks are gone. Today a 100-pound tank is considered excellent. 'O.K., Pt. let's get him!' I was ready to shoot right then.

"Well, the old pachyderm was just leisurely walking across the valley through the grass and the scrub trees. I follow the tracks. After we had walked about half an hour, we could see where we were gaining a little on him. The old fellow just keeps on plodding along.

"Now today I have with me, and intend to use, that new rifle—the new .378 I believe we will call it—and up to this time I have shot two animals with it. Both were scows, and both went down with one shot and a referee is not an easy animal to kill. This is my great chance now. The elephant is only 300 yards away.

"I look at Pitman. 'Why not now?' I say. 'He's turned, so I can get him in the side of the head.' 'No,' he says,

pushing my rifle down. 'He's too far!' I told him that he may be too far for him, but not too far for me or for the rifle. All the time we were hurrying on and not missing a step. I held up my rifle and get ready to shoot. Pitsimiro almost knocked it out of my hands. 'We'll still get closer!'

"Well, I made up my mind that Pitsimiro was too slow, so I stopped out ahead of both him and the tracker. I am 50 yards ahead of Pitsimiro now and the rest of them. I suppose he thinks I am a fool. But, not only do I want to shoot that elephant, I want to try this new rifle out on an elephant.

"I am remembering that if I shoot this elephant with this cartridge, using a 380-grain bullet at 3,000 feet per second, that it will be the first elephant ever shot by a bullet traveling at that speed, for no other elephant rifle in the world nearly approaches this speed."

Just one shot

"Now, he's only 100 yards from me. I run to the forward side—that lets him gain a little. Here's my chance. He's turned again. I aimed—but too late, for he is going straight away again.

"There he is angling off just a little to the left. No time to do anything but shoot. This is it, or I just don't get a chance, for it is only a few more yards to heavy brush.

"I aim right between the eye and the ear. I pull the trigger. The report can be heard for miles. Instantly, the elephant stumbles to the ground and the red dust flies. The elephant never moved one step after that bullet hit him in the head."

It is a good thing that the elephant died of one shot. Weatherby's hand-made brass was too soft. The case struck. He could not have gotten off another shot.

It was also a remarkable feat, even for the 378, for there are several hundred pounds of bone, a good deal of it 14 or 18 inches thick, sometimes more, in the head of an elephant, and this is covered with tough hide that is an inch thick itself. The brain is tiny. For all that an elephant presents the picture of an enormous target, the vital section of the head offers a target like a woodchuck.

Weatherby is proud of the shot and of the new rifle but regards the 378 as unnecessarily efficient for any but the world's largest game. His personal sets are the 340 and 357 magnums.

Velocity, not size, is what Ray Weatherby likes. As for Africa's white hunters, they may as well face it. That's the way it's going to be. (CNR)



THE NEW WOOLRICH Suburban Coat

you'll love it! .. you'll live in it!

WHITEST WHITE EVER IN 100% PURE WOOL

Handspun, casual wear coat of pure, sturdy white, tastefully patterned with colorful plaid. Smart looking. Warm as best Comfortable as an old shirt. Soft, springs, 100% wool, not too heavy, not too light — but guaranteed to wear like iron. Quilted lining for extra warmth. Perfect for casual wear, for the school or college man (youth), too. Available in hip length with slapper opening, or 1/2 length with leather buttons. Many beautiful plaid color combinations or solids. At your dealer.

Companion Piece 100% Wool Shirts
Beautifully tailored. Better soft. Wrinkles for every wear. Plaid, checks, Scotch Tartans, in reds, greens, blues, greys, tans. At your dealer.

Get FREE Catalog
Complete range of 100% wool outdoor apparel for hunting, fishing, casual wear. Write Dept. J

Famous Name in Outdoor Wear for 125 Years

WOOLRICH WOOLEN MILLS

WOOLRICH, PENNA.





SAS

African Safaris

Big game safaris into Kenya splendor for lion, elephant, rhino, buffalo. Gun or camera trips, with all guides, bearers, tents, food. Optional trips to Kilimanjaro or Mt. Kenya. SAS round trip flight from New York or Los Angeles includes visits to London — Paris — Rome — Copenhagen — Cairo at no extra cost.




For SAS safari details, see your travel agent or write:



SAS

SCANDINAVIAN
SERVICES

Sport trips to all Europe, Near East, Asia, Africa.

530 Fifth Avenue, New York 26, N.Y.

IT'S YOURS

write now



This handsome full-color 16-page booklet shows you what a wonderful holiday you can have in Bermuda.

The Bermuda Trade Development Board
Dept. 34-410, 530 Fifth Ave., N.Y. 26, N.Y.
Please send me, without charge, "INVITATION TO BERMDA."

NAME _____

ADDRESS _____

CITY _____ STATE _____



STATEMENT REQUIRED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 3, 1933, AS AMENDED BY THE ACT OF MARCH 1, 1937, AND JULY 2, 1939 (Title 15, United States Code, Section 211) OF THE REGISTRATION OF CERTAIN INFORMATION CONCERNING THE BUSINESS OF SPORTS ILLUSTRATED, published with an Edition, Illinois, for October 3, 1976.

1. The names and addresses of the publisher, editor, managing editor, and business managers are: Publisher, E. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Editor-in-Chief, E. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Managing Editor, S. J. Jones, 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.; Business Manager, E. H. S. Phillips, Jr., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York, N. Y.

2. The owner is: Time Incorporated, Time and Life Building, New York 26, New York; that the names and addresses of all individuals owning or holding one percent or more of total amount of stock are: Henry P. Brown, c/o P. Morgan & Company, P.O. Box 1010, New York, N. Y.; William V. Griffin, 20 Park Avenue, New York 22, N. Y.; Irving Trust Company, New York 22, N. Y.; various names under the name of Brown Brothers for the benefit of Charles B. Brown, c/o Irving Trust Company, Corporate Department, 1 Wall Street, New York 22, N. Y.; Margaret Seale Brown, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 26, N. Y.; Roy B. Lerner, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 26, N. Y.; Steven D. Ross, c/o Time Inc., Time & Life Building, Rockefeller Center, New York 26, N. Y.; The Time Life Foundation Inc., 9 Rockefeller Plaza, New York 26, N. Y.; Samuel B. Mark, c/o Kenneth Time Company, Greenwich, Conn.

3. With the intent of more than one percent is reported in the edition of the following companies, but in each case the company is the owner for a number of individuals, one of whom is known to own more than one percent: Brown Brothers, Greenwich, Conn.; 10 Wall Street, New York 22, N. Y.; J. C. & Company, c/o New York Trust Company, Trustee of the Brown Foundation, 100 Broadway, New York 26, N. Y.

4. The known bondholders, mortgagees, and other security holders owning or holding 1 percent or more of total amount of bonds, mortgages, or other securities are: None.

5. Paragraphs 2 and 3 include, in cases where the stockholder or security holder appears upon the books of the company as owner or is an indirect owner, the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; (b) the state or states in the case of corporations; (c) the address of the person or corporation; and (d) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (e) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (f) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (g) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (h) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (i) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (j) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (k) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (l) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (m) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (n) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (o) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (p) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (q) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (r) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (s) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (t) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (u) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (v) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (w) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (x) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (y) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting; and (z) the name of the person or corporation for whom such holder is acting.

6. The average number of copies of each issue of the publication will be distributed, through the mails or otherwise, to all subscribers during the month preceding the date when each issue was sent: 122,735.

Prepared by: Raymond R. Amersbach, Jr.
Business Manager

Sworn to and subscribed before me this 25th day of September, 1976:

Notary Public at New York
(My commission expires March 30, 1978)

19th HOLE

THE READERS TAKE OVER

THE FOOTBALL ISSUE: I PREDICT . . .

Sims:

Every sports fan in the country is indebted to you for your Special Football Issue (88, Sept. 24) as the most comprehensive, interesting and, I predict, reliable press coverage on collegiate football ever published. Herman Hickman's article recognizes the fact that great football is played and outstanding players are to be found in every section of the country. The statistical sketches of 120 outstanding teams is certainly a masterpiece of reporting. It will provide your readers with a ready reference as to information covering the teams they will watch in action during the fall.

LOUIS R. HARRINGTON

Detroit

FOOTBALL ISSUE: OUT ON A LIMB

Sims:

I have just finished reading your Special Football Issue, and I must say I enjoyed it greatly. SPORTS ILLUSTRATED seems to lead the field in special issues.

Concussions and heat stroke for a speedy recovery to Herman Hickman, who was a victim of circumstances and was caught up in a whirl of events on that first Saturday and managed to win almost half of his forecasts. (Actually, Herman got 18 right, missed 7—ED.) But it seems to me that he is going way, way too far out on a limb to predict that Oklahoma will suffer the humiliation of defeat during the year. And regardless will certainly not be at South Bend when OCU meets Notre Dame.

JENNIFER WINDO

Norman, Okla.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: SUPERB TRAVESTY

Sims:

Apparently Hickman's service to Yale did not end with his resignation. Yale ahead of great teams like Maryland, Pittsburgh and Syracuse? Never! Despite Hickman's travesty, the Special Football Issue is really superb.

G. M. FELLENER

Holyoke, Mass.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: HANDY REFERENCE

Sims:

The completeness of your comprehensive analysis of the college football picture in your Special Football Issue was remarkable. I am sure that all involved or interested will keep this Special Issue handy for frequent reference.

DAN PERMISON

Evanson, Ill.

WHAT FOOTBALL ISSUE?

Sims:

... What football issue? Newsstands here are sold out. Where can I get one? SHEILA HUFFINGTON

Evanson, Ill.

■ With these Northwestern Wildcats on hand, a sellout in Evanston was inevitable. Send 25¢ to Department 960, 540 North Michigan Avenue, Chicago. —ED.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: IMPARTIAL REPORT

Sims:

Thanks for the wonderful football issue. I never saw a more clear or concise job done in football, including very impartial reporting. Especially liked Flip Eagle's comment about his team being better than rated.

KENNETH J. VAN WIS

Foxh, N.Y.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: MISSISSIPPI

Sims:

While I realize that you can't keep everybody happy, I sincerely believe that I have a just complaint concerning your treatment of Ole Miss in the Special Football Issue.

The report states in part: "... Ole Miss starts easy against N. Texas State. The rest of the Rebel schedule is a never ends for sophomore, to another bowl game may be in the offing." (Emphasis supplied.) I feel that the statement is most unfair, not only to Ole Miss but also to the stronger teams on their schedule.

MR. CAPER

CAPERSTOWN	0
VISITORS	63
4 PLAYS 3 RUN 2 PASS	



Admittedly, the Rebels have a couple of freshmen, but for the most part their games are against capable teams in a strong, highly competitive (SEC) conference. I notice that Maryland always gets a good game despite a favorable schedule. Why pick on the Rebels?

Answer: I'm very proud of this Special Football Issue, and you can bet that it will be well worn by season's end.

BRUCE JOHNSTON
Norfolk, Va.

Sir:

I have long admired Herman Holman as a football player, coach, writer, after-dinner speaker, TV performer and motion picture actor, but after reading the football issue I believe I'll finally pardon the expectation that he has blown his top.

He says "The Eleven Not Named I guess," "Mississippi may again win the SEC championship and possibly have an undefeated season, but—through no fault of their own, except possibly being too strong—they again do not have a representative schedule." Yet he picks Yale in the top 11 teams in the country. Why, then, isn't a team that Ole Miss plays that wouldn't have a winning season against the teams in Army's and Yale's schedules and most of them would against Oklahoma's schedule.

ROBERT COVINO
Gladewater, Texas

Sir:

Congratulations on the beautiful and graphic photographs of the Ole Miss football team and Coach John Vaught in your Special Football Issue. Frankly, I didn't expect you to do it.

ROBERT LINCH
Tallahassee, Fla.

Sir:

Let me tell you about Mississippi Southern College. It is Mississippi's largest college. Larger than either Ole Miss or Mississippi State. It is the college that beat the University of Alabama (25-18) in 1943 when Alabama was ranked as high as fifth in the nation. They also knocked off Georgia, another Southeastern Conference team, that year.

In 1954 the Southerners proved it was not just a fluke by taking Alabama again, 17-0. Last year they didn't play Alabama, but it would have been a runaway because Southern was at its best with a 9-1 record.

by AJAY



© 1956

So much for the past. This year Southern is really moving. It is enlarging its stadium to seat 32,000, has an application in for membership in the SEC, and has Don Owen, a tackle, who is Mel Allen's preseason choice for first-team All-America in another sports magazine, which I am seriously considering taking after your subscription runs out.

HATTENBURG, Miss.

■ **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** looks forward to meeting Mississippi Southern (S), Oct. 4, 1954) on its admission to the Southeastern Conference—ED.

FOOTBALL ISSUE: WHY AND WHEN

Sir:

Why was there no mention of Trinity College and its last two fine teams?

ALFRED G. HOBBS
Hartford, Conn.

■ See page 104.—ED.

Sir:

And where is my Alma Mater—Lafayette?

JOHN TRILL
Blainstown, N.J.

■ ... on page 47.—ED.

EARLY BIRD

Sir:

With the help of Herman Holman's inside information plus my own views, here is an advance All-American football team:

E Tom Mason, Michigan
T Lou Michaels, Kentucky
G Jim Parker, Ohio State
C Ed Swenson, Army
G Bill Glass, Baylor
T John White, Oregon State
E Joe Walton, Pittsburgh
QB Claude Bennett, Columbia
HB Jimmy Brown, Syracuse
HB Jim Swick, TCU
FB Don Bonner, Miami (Fla.).

BROOKLYN

PROPERTY WITHOUT HONOR

Sir:

How very true and how very sad was **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**'s description of the reception given our Braves here in Milwaukee on returning from their series with the Pirates. If there were a few sleepy winks on hand to greet their bobbies it was more than I could see. But in defense of the local fans it must be admitted that performances of Adcock, Burdette, Crandall and teammates were enough to sour the enthusiasm of an all. Perhaps if our boys would at least give the appearance of trying a little harder the fans would try a little harder too.

MILWAUKEE

■ Seems the only ones who are trying are the loyal reporters. When the Braves left Milwaukee three days later for Cincinnati only about 200 everyday die supporters were on hand to wish the boys well, a loyal handful that in published reports became a multitude of roaring fans whose spontaneity and unbridled enthusiasm deeply moved the departing team.—ED.

If you love fishing...

YOU'LL LIKE KENNEDY TACKLE BOXES!



especially the big big

Spinning Kit

Stiff, compact, light weight, yet 27 compartments, 440 cu. in. of bottom space. Designed for spinning tackle, ground wherever plenty of organized space is needed. Aluminum, waterproof, wonderful!

KENNEDY

KENNEDY MANUFACTURING CO.
New York 17, N.Y.
Sole in U.S. and Canada

LEXOL

preserves leather

LEXOL removes, strengthens, restores anything made of leather to its original natural state. LEXOL is easy to use, spreads evenly without rubbing... is oil-soluble... is not colored... is available. Available everywhere. LEXOL Corp., Calhoun, N. Y.



KNOW

where to fish, hunt, golf, seek out a sail—where and what the fun is. Get "The Sportsman's Guide to the Caribbean" published for British West Indian Airways by A. S. Barnes & Co. 130 pages. Mail check or \$1 to P.O. Box 295, Murray Hill Sta., New York 17, N.Y.

YOU PICK

the winner every week when you pick **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED** for football coverage. And you'll pick a lot more winners when you read **HICKMAN'S HUNCHES**, a weekly football feature in **SPORTS ILLUSTRATED**

ANNIVERSARY

since the
great
Champagne
of France

MOËT

Reichstein & Co., New York



 Brandicator

FOR SALE & VEGAN

the fact that, with a few exceptions, the majority of the respondents collected the data for the study by means of the questionnaire method. This is partly due to the fact that no attempt at a structured interview was made, as the respondents would have been asked to fill in the questionnaire on their own. This method is, however, not without its drawbacks. The respondents are not asked to elaborate on their answers, and the questionnaire is not a very effective means of gathering data on the respondents' attitudes. It is also possible that the respondents may not have answered the questionnaire honestly, as they were not asked to provide a justification for their answers. The respondents were not asked to provide a justification for their answers, and the questionnaire is not a very effective means of gathering data on the respondents' attitudes. It is also possible that the respondents may not have answered the questionnaire honestly, as they were not asked to provide a justification for their answers.

—of YOU on any member of page family—inspired by painted from Life or Photographs, adds beauty and dimension to your home or office. Makes a Precious Christmas Gift—from You or Your Eyes.

Order our DuoUp 110 for Complete DuoUp

AMERICAN PORTRAIT ARTISTS

187 Fifth Ave., New York 17 • 214 3-8826

[illegible]

World famous Maytag
Blue Cheese

LONG

REMEMBERED GIFT

A gift talked about, thoroughly enjoyed, long remembered. Maytag Blue — a truly exceptional cheese. Sought after by discriminating people. A creamy white cheese, delicately streaked with blue. A rich full flavor, yet delightfully tangy.

Wedges (1 doz. — \$2.70; 4 doz. — \$4.08,
Wedges (1 doz. — \$2.70; 4 doz. — \$4.08,
Cdn. of 24, \$1.00; cdn. of 48, \$2.00.
We welcome gift card with your name.
Send check or money order with gift
to — MATTAS DAIRY FARMS, BOX
885, Newton, Iowa. Order about 2

地址: 060000 威海市威海路 111 号 威海市威远路 111 号

who specializes in large sizes only—
sizes 12 to 16; models ADD-A-FIT
Green, sport, casual and work
shoes; golf shoes; insulated
hunting boots, sock slippers,
rubbers, sneakers, shoe
trees. Also . . . sport shirts
in your size, extralong
sleeve length. Enjoy per-
fect fit in your hard-to-
find size or amazingly
low cost! Satisfaction
guaranteed. Write by
mail only.
FIRST Style Book TOWERS

NG-SIZE, INC., 852 Beckman, Waco,

KING-SIZE, INC. 853 Rockledge, Miami

Shipped Direct from
England to you

1997, 1998, 1999, 2000, 2001, 2002, 2003, 2004, 2005, 2006, 2007, 2008, 2009, 2010, 2011, 2012, 2013, 2014, 2015, 2016, 2017, 2018, 2019, 2020, 2021, 2022, 2023, 2024, 2025, 2026, 2027, 2028, 2029, 2030, 2031, 2032, 2033, 2034, 2035, 2036, 2037, 2038, 2039, 2040, 2041, 2042, 2043, 2044, 2045, 2046, 2047, 2048, 2049, 2050, 2051, 2052, 2053, 2054, 2055, 2056, 2057, 2058, 2059, 2060, 2061, 2062, 2063, 2064, 2065, 2066, 2067, 2068, 2069, 2070, 2071, 2072, 2073, 2074, 2075, 2076, 2077, 2078, 2079, 2080, 2081, 2082, 2083, 2084, 2085, 2086, 2087, 2088, 2089, 2090, 2091, 2092, 2093, 2094, 2095, 2096, 2097, 2098, 2099, 2100, 2101, 2102, 2103, 2104, 2105, 2106, 2107, 2108, 2109, 2110, 2111, 2112, 2113, 2114, 2115, 2116, 2117, 2118, 2119, 2120, 2121, 2122, 2123, 2124, 2125, 2126, 2127, 2128, 2129, 2130, 2131, 2132, 2133, 2134, 2135, 2136, 2137, 2138, 2139, 2140, 2141, 2142, 2143, 2144, 2145, 2146, 2147, 2148, 2149, 2150, 2151, 2152, 2153, 2154, 2155, 2156, 2157, 2158, 2159, 2160, 2161, 2162, 2163, 2164, 2165, 2166, 2167, 2168, 2169, 2170, 2171, 2172, 2173, 2174, 2175, 2176, 2177, 2178, 2179, 2180, 2181, 2182, 2183, 2184, 2185, 2186, 2187, 2188, 2189, 2190, 2191, 2192, 2193, 2194, 2195, 2196, 2197, 2198, 2199, 2200, 2201, 2202, 2203, 2204, 2205, 2206, 2207, 2208, 2209, 2210, 2211, 2212, 2213, 2214, 2215, 2216, 2217, 2218, 2219, 2220, 2221, 2222, 2223, 2224, 2225, 2226, 2227, 2228, 2229, 2230, 2231, 2232, 2233, 2234, 2235, 2236, 2237, 2238, 2239, 2240, 2241, 2242, 2243, 2244, 2245, 2246, 2247, 2248, 2249, 2250, 2251, 2252, 2253, 2254, 2255, 2256, 2257, 2258, 2259, 2260, 2261, 2262, 2263, 2264, 2265, 2266, 2267, 2268, 2269, 2270, 2271, 2272, 2273, 2274, 2275, 2276, 2277, 2278, 2279, 2280, 2281, 2282, 2283, 2284, 2285, 2286, 2287, 2288, 2289, 2290, 2291, 2292, 2293, 2294, 2295, 2296, 2297, 2298, 2299, 2300, 2301, 2302, 2303, 2304, 2305, 2306, 2307, 2308, 2309, 2310, 2311, 2312, 2313, 2314, 2315, 2316, 2317, 2318, 2319, 2320, 2321, 2322, 2323, 2324, 2325, 2326, 2327, 2328, 2329, 2330, 2331, 2332, 2333, 2334, 2335, 2336, 2337, 2338, 2339, 2340, 2341, 2342, 2343, 2344, 2345, 2346, 2347, 2348, 2349, 2350, 2351, 2352, 2353, 2354, 2355, 2356, 2357, 2358, 2359, 2360, 2361, 2362, 2363, 2364, 2365, 2366, 2367, 2368, 2369, 2370, 2371, 2372, 2373, 2374, 2375, 2376, 2377, 2378, 2379, 2380, 2381, 2382, 2383, 2384, 2385, 2386, 2387, 2388, 2389, 2390, 2391, 2392, 2393, 2394, 2395, 2396, 2397, 2398, 2399, 2400, 2401, 2402, 2403, 2404, 2405, 2406, 2407, 2408, 2409, 2410, 2411, 2412, 2413, 2414, 2415, 2416, 2417, 2418, 2419, 2420, 2421, 2422, 2423, 2424, 2425, 2426, 2427, 2428, 2429, 2430, 2431, 2432, 2433, 2434, 2435, 2436, 2437, 2438, 2439, 2440, 2441, 2442, 2443, 2444, 2445, 2446, 2447, 2448, 2449, 2450, 2451, 2452, 2453, 2454, 2455, 2456, 2457, 2458, 2459, 2460, 2461, 2462, 2463, 2464, 2465, 2466, 2467, 2468, 2469, 2470, 2471, 2472, 2473, 2474, 2475, 2476, 2477, 2478, 2479, 2480, 2481, 2482, 2483, 2484, 2485, 2486, 2487, 2488, 2489, 2490, 2491, 2492, 2493, 2494, 2495, 2496, 2497, 2498, 2499, 2500, 2501, 2502, 2503, 2504, 2505, 2506, 2507, 2508, 2509, 2510, 2511, 2512, 2513, 2514, 2515, 2516, 2517, 2518, 2519, 2520, 2521, 2522, 2523, 2524, 2525, 2526, 2527, 2528, 2529, 2530, 2531, 2532, 2533, 2534, 2535, 2536, 2537, 2538, 2539, 2540, 2541, 2542, 2543, 2544, 2545, 2546, 2547, 2548, 2549, 2550, 2551, 2552, 2553, 2554, 2555, 2556, 2557, 2558, 2559, 2560, 2561, 2562, 2563, 2564, 2565, 2566, 2567, 2568, 2569, 2570, 2571, 2572, 2573, 2574, 2575, 2576, 2577, 2578, 2579, 2580, 2581, 2582, 2583, 2584, 2585, 2586, 2587, 2588, 2589, 2590, 2591, 2592, 2593, 2594, 2595, 2596, 2597, 2598, 2599, 2600, 2601, 2602, 2603, 2604, 2605, 2606, 2607, 2608, 2609, 2610, 2611, 2612, 2613, 2614, 2615, 2616, 2617, 2618, 2619, 2620, 2621, 2622, 2623, 2624, 2625, 2626, 2627, 2628, 2629, 2630, 2631, 2632, 2633, 2634, 2635, 2636, 2637, 2638, 2639, 2640, 2641, 2642, 2643, 2644, 2645, 2646, 2647, 2648, 2649, 2650, 2651, 2652, 2653, 2654, 2655, 2656, 2657, 2658, 2659, 2660, 2661, 2662, 2663, 2664, 2665, 2666, 2667, 2668, 2669, 2670, 2671, 2672, 2673, 2674, 2675, 2676, 2677, 2678, 26

The major
inhibitors

But one thing's
Wally Frank English
brier pipes we've shut
up this special \$6000.
11. GET ACQUAINTED
We've got solids an ac-
cess of Wally Frank Eng-
lish levers. They're slight
computer English levers
the coffee in every was
imperfections which are
the marvelous smoking
the wonderful English
process, that personality
ing, built right into the
each anything we've ever
a "Wally Frank English
levers."

Will send your gifts direct from London. Keep
Send us nothing for the time, we're worried
off. Please send only \$1.00 to help cover cost
and other expenses. There's no duty re-
sults the foreign postage too collected to
be sent. Best wishes the GOODWILL "Magine"
all gifts as hard as you can. If you don't like
any reason, send it back and we'll refund
\$1.00. Love, only 1 gift to a customer. Please
about one month delivery time from England.

WALLY FRANK, Ltd. Dept. 8508

132 CHURCH ST., NEW YORK 7, N.Y.
Send the "GOODWILL" FIVE direct from Eng-
land for me to Toot (smoke). (Description at
right) Enclosed find \$1 as agreed. Money back
on satisfaction. PRINT NAME & ADDRESS BELOW

編者：王德信、王德勝、王德勝

For large portable items (television sets, tape recorders, record players, vacuum cleaners) that are powered by standard 110-volt AC house current, there are inverters made by the American Television and Radio Co. which can be installed either under the dashboard or in the trunk with a remote control unit to the dash. The ATH inverter illustrated here, for instance (model 12T RME, \$42.95; others range from \$19.50 to \$129.50), is about 4x8x9 inches and, with no more drain on the battery than one auto headlight, will easily power one of the new portable TV sets brought out by GE, RCA, Admiral and Emerson. GE's nine-inch set, for instance, a real lightweight at 12½ pounds, thus brings the World Series to your picnic site. Traveling businessmen use them to power dictating machines or wire recorders; General Motors is testing other inverters for use with record players in buses; Adlai Stevenson has had one installed in his campaign plane to power electric typewriters. And inboard motorboats can take TV out to sea. The potential is only as limited as your needs and the 110-volt power.

地址：上海南京路100号 电话：021-62461000

PAT ON THE BACK

ANN RONIGER

Fert Ann Roniger, 13, a state-playing eighth-grader who lives in an old stone farmhouse 18 miles west of Strong City, hopes to be the first Kansas girl to compete on an Olympic track team. Too young to try out this year, Ann is aiming for the 1960 Games. She already holds two national junior records, 9.3 for the 75-yard dash (the longest distance the AAU permits her to run) and 8 feet 6¾ inches for the standing broad jump. Brother John, 11, anxious to see Sis get to Rome, built her a hurdle as part of his 4-H Club work.

AUDREY BAINES

A 43-year-old mother of four, Mrs. Audrey Baines of Harnpden, Mass., operates a kennel with her husband Art, a veteran show dog handler. A licensed handler for three years, Mrs. Baines never won a best-in-show until the Westchester KC show at Purchase, N.Y. There she guided Ch. Danguaire Bryson, a 6-year-old Irish setter owned by Dr. John H. Shelakie, to top honors over 2,118 dogs. It was the first time she ever showed Bryson, and she only got the opportunity because Art was handling another dog in the same group.





Jack's getting around. People drinking Apple Jack for the first time don't quite know what taste to expect. This heightens the delightful effect of Apple Jack's rich aroma and bold appetizing flavor. Aged in charred oak barrels, Apple Jack is smooth, brilliant . . . opens up a whole new approach to conviviality. Tonight, try Apple Jack.

On the rocks, straight, in a highball, or in a delicious Jack Rose cocktail, you'll find there's nothing like it.

distilled since 1780

Laird's Apple Jack

50 PROOF • LAIRD & CO., SCORBYVILLE, N. J.

new Philip Morris in the crushproof box



gives you a perfect cigarette every time



firm, fresh, round, plump, straight. New crushproof box keeps every new Philip Morris in this perfect shape. Keeps loose tobacco out of pocket or purse. The perfect cigarette for busy, active people!



flavorful new blend of sweet, rich leaf. Take a couple of puffs before you light it. Get that flavor? That's natural tobacco goodness. Then light up and really enjoy a stroke. Try this new Philip Morris!

—and at a popular price!

Also available in Regular Size in the popular Snap-open Pack